

WAREARES
of the HEART
by

ALLEN POLK HOUSTON



SHORT
STORIES
of the SOUTH
ILLUSTRATED



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Warfares of the Heart

Short Stories of the South



A Southern Belle

Warfares of the Heart

Stories of the South

By

Allen Polk Houston

ILLUSTRATED

THE BRANCH PUBLISHING CO.
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ALLEN POLK HOUSTON

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No. 1.

DEDICATION.

This book I dedicate to my children and my friends with love and affection.

The stories in it are mostly true, differing from fact only where the writer's personal knowledge and information as to locality and time may not be exact.

They come from the heart in its Warfares; in its struggles with itself, and attempt to establish and direct the motives that have ever, and should always prompt good men and women, e'en through Death, to uphold the higher principles and the nobler virtues of Life.

ALLEN POLK HOUSTON.



Aunt Julie
My Ole Colored Mammy

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FOREWORD.

It has been the Author's effort, in writing this book of the Southland, to give to those who may read it, a better knowledge of a section of our country "fair as the roses that bloomed," and a people who lived like lords, with their vassals and retainers before the outbreak of the Civil War.

Its stories of Southern lore, its legends of brave men and fair women touch cords in the human heart that respond to the memories of a day now past; to the humor and faithfulness of the old slave, the loves, lives, sorrows and aspirations of a once distinctive people.

Of a people who strove for a government of their own and not finding it, bowed to the sorrow of a "Lost Cause," returned to a Union of the States, and became one solidified and inseparable country.

Of a people who endured the waste, death and

desolation of war, passed through the fiery furnace of woe, and then "came back" to help build not only for themselves but for those who had oppressed them, a government today the strongest of Democracies. A government, the emulation of two hemispheres, with one of its own people its Chief Executive. A government, the leader, the provider, the banker of its allies across the sea; the controlling influence, the factor, the adviser, in the present great emergency, upon which the very future advancement of the world's civilization depends. A government that directs not only ourselves, but those with whom we are associated in common cause of war to establish freedom, real freedom, God's freedom, for the oppressed, and Democracy in place of Autocracy.

With such purpose, with such motive, the South, the land that now blossoms as it did before the Civil War, presents its sons. From the city, from the town, the village, the hamlet and the farm they come to offer themselves—Sons of the South!

In the training camp, in the cantonment, you will find them; in the army of our common country and in khaki they march to be transported to the trenches.

Behind them they leave not only mothers,

wives and loved ones, but a rehabilitated South,
homes about which the roses twine,

"A land where the Cypress and Myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in
their clime,
A land of the Cedar and Vine
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams
ever shine,
Where the Citron and Olive are fairest of
fruit
And the voice of the Nightingale never is
mute,
Where the tints of the earth and the hues
of the sky
In colour though varied in beauty may vie,
Where the virgins are soft as the roses
they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine."

Only the tombstones of their ancestors can remind them of those who died for a Lost Cause, and with such Time has dealt kindly, for the wild ivy in the churchyards of the old plantation clings to the names that are written there, covering them with banks of green.

In publishing this list of stories, it was the author's intention to have written several others illustrative of the grand order of the Ku Klux Klan and the faithfulness and affection of the "old slave." However, with his publisher behind him it was impossible. As one of our best known writers has said, there are but two things on earth that a brave man should be afraid of: One is your mother-in-law, the other

your publisher. So I bow to the dictum with apologies and best possible grace.

Despite this I feel I must say something of the faithfulness, the loyalty, the love and affection of the old slave for his master which can never be adequately or truly described, it matters not how facile be your pen. It was born in him, and would ever have remained, had not the vitriolic pen in malice, jealousy and lack of knowledge, dipped into the blood of a happy people, pictured a situation that did not exist and magnified rare incidents of cruelty into happenings of daily occurrence. Such misrepresentation was largely responsible for a civil war that gave the slave a questionable freedom, and threw him upon his own resources.

Had Mr. Lincoln lived, the South feels today, this grave question would have been settled in a manner other than it was, for he was its best friend and when his immortal soul "passed on", in the "Hell Hole" of Reconstruction, this once fair but desolated land labored, with "Pelion on Ossa piled", in throes even worse than was the war itself.

Then it was the slave, who before in his recognized ignorance, by his Master had been guided, not driven, was influenced by the Carpet Bagger, the Skallawag, the low white, to

turn upon his best friend, and to demand social and political equality.

Then it was he not only began to insult and humiliate his former owner, but with the help of a National Legislature, and through Southern States controlled by these deluded slaves, strove to legislate against him, to disfranchise him, to sneer at the supremacy of the White Race, ignore the principles of the Constitution of 1776, and in the attempted amalgamation of the races, defied the very laws of God.

About this time there appeared a Rainbow in the sky. The supremacy of the White Race was about to assert itself. The men of the South had risen again—for their women, the fair women of the South; for themselves, doubly oppressed.

As the sun went down, through its setting rays a new star appeared. It was the star of the Ku Klux Klan. All the best, all the remnant of a southern race flocked to its ranks. From the hilltops at midnight the bugle rang out and to its clarion call the clans gathered, and clothed in white, like spirits in the night they rode, they righted and they regulated.

They protected their women, they shielded and guarded the negro who remained faithful and conducted himself properly,—and they

finally overthrew a government in the South that was totally based on negro suffrage.

The formation of this great order was an accident, as has been brought out in the history of its formation. It originated in Pulaski, Tennessee, shortly after the Civil War. The Southern Negro in his ignorance, his superstition, was easily impressed. Ghosts had more terrors to him than firearms; the muffled tread at midnight of the horse of the "white faced rider," "a spirit of a dead Confederate just from Hell," if by chance it should be heard by the poor misguided, ill advised and misdirected soul, meant a quick flight to the swamp, hiding of his gun and a return to his cabin the day after, when the sun stood high in the heavens.

After the purpose of the Ku Klux Klan had been effected, the order fell into the hands of violent men, who became dangers, not only to the original founders of the Klan, but to many others. With the original Ku Klux these violent orders were sometimes confounded, which was indeed a grave mistake.

To this great order of Ku Klux, operating as it did, does the South largely owe its regeneration.

With the aid of its sister order, the "White

Camelia," the carpet-bagger, the scallawag and the low white were driven from its desolated land, and today the negro, unless disturbed by outside influences, works happily and contentedly at his task.

You hear his voice so full of melody as it rings out in the cotton fields; his laugh as the day's work is done. Sorrow unless forced upon him does not live in his heart, and soon passes, and with his nature, when properly guided and directed by the white man of the South who understands him, he lives each day through, satisfied, forgetting the yesterdays, nor thinking of the tomorrows. The warmer climate of the South suits him; the open country where the sun shines. Segregation in large cities means disease and death to him, and with his ignorance, so easily susceptible to evil influences, quickly leads to moral and physical decrepitude.

Once more in the South prosperity reigns, prosperity from better business knowledge than ever before, prosperity born of suffering and wisdom, not caused by the inflated value of its cotton and its products alone, but through a situation largely brought about and created by the people of the South themselves.

May the pall of war, that once more threatens

this fair country, this brave people, be removed, and Peace with honor, even though sacrifice must be met and blood be shed to make enduring, blessed Peace, that Peace that passes all understanding, the Peace of God, soon come again is the trust and hope of the Author.

ALLEN POLK HOUSTON.

MY OLE COLORED MAMMY.

HE WAS an aristocrat with his silvered hair. I could see it in many ways, the shape of his hands, his feet, polished in manners, "born with a silver spoon in his mouth." All indicated his birth and breeding. In conversation, in the pathos of his voice, you caught glimpses of his heart.

With a smile upon his face that seemed to live there, and a look of truth that rested in his eyes, as we travelled in the "smoker" he told me stories of himself, of his early life, and none so impressed me as did that of "Aunt Julie, my Ole Colored Mammy."

"Aunt Julie was so black that ebony paled in her presence, but her soul was so white that I used to think the undriven snow encased it, and that God's face always shone upon it. She did not know what selfishness meant. It was not in her vocabulary. She just thought only of her little white children that my mother had

put in her keeping, of their welfare and their happiness.

"When I was a little fellow, and in health had not had a fair start, the doctors advised that I should live in the open air constantly, so my grandfather sent to one of the plantations in North Carolina and brought Aunt Julie to Tennessee to look after me, and next to the saving of her soul she thought that her chief duty in life. After breakfast every morning we wandered over the many acres of my father's country home, and when the weather permitted and the water was not too muddy we fished with 'bent pin hooks' in the creek, or lunched in the woods in the shade of some great spreading oak.

"One day when the fishing was bad, I fell from the high bank into the deep water and the 'splash' woke up Aunt Julie, who, after pulling me out with perfect imperturbability said, 'Look a here, chile, if you want to learn how to swim you had better take your lessons when my eyes is open, not while I'm asleepin', and the fish ain't a-biting.'

"She carried no 'meal in her mill sack' and she didn't want her boy to be 'raised on

mush.' In her ideas and her methods she was indeed like the Spartan mother. Aunt Julie knew all the birds, their different calls, and she could imitate them. She could sing and cackle like a hen, and she understood the squirrel language. In times of danger she could chuck like the mother quail when she calls her little ones to shelter and yields them the protection of her body and her wings.

"She was afraid of nothing but 'ghosts' and the devil, and she had all the superstition characteristic of her race. You could not get her to walk beneath a ladder, and Friday was the one day of the week she dreaded and claimed should have been stricken from the calendar. She made me 'touch wood' whenever I bragged about getting well and growing strong and big like father, and, if I wasn't washed every Saturday night in the great green and white painted bath tub to be ready to go to church Sunday, she'd say—'something wrong was sure going to happen before mornin'.'

"Aunt Julie was a contradiction of all that Harriet Beecher Stowe ever wrote of slavery as a whole in the South. She knew the history

of her family for generations, her forebears had been lawfully married by an ordained minister of the Gospel, which the records of the Church and 'slave book' showed, as was the custom among all the plantations in North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee.

"No husbands and wives in her family had ever been separated through the slave market, and none of their children sold except of their own volition, when they wanted to marry into another plantation. And then it was arranged between their respective masters.

"It was Aunt Julie's boast that her grandfather had been the finest 'whip' in all North Carolina and behind him in 'old master's' coach-and-four had ridden all the 'grandees of the country.'

"Aunt Julie was a Christian, and she tried to instruct her charges in the teachings of the Master. I do not believe she ever had an evil thought, and the 'Golden Rule'—'to do unto others as you would be done by' she endeavored to have govern her life. While orthodox in her heart and her belief, I sometimes thought the Mosaic law, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' appealed to her more strongly

when her temper was aroused than the gentler teachings of the Gospel.

"As a disciplinerian, she taught us how to be neat in our dress, polite and considerate of others, especially the old; she abhorred a lie. Lying, to her, was as bad as stealing, and if mother had to whip us for telling one, she gladly held our little feet so we couldn't kick.

"At other times, when the peach tree switch was wanted, you could never find her. When she had 'weaned her chickens' and 'old Miss and the Marster' needed her services, she cared for them, and many is the time I have heard her scold my mother because she would not wrap herself sufficiently in cold weather and because she wore the soles of her shoes too thin when the day was wet and rainy.

"In the same cemetery where those of us who have 'gone before' are buried, Aunt Julie's body lies, and it is a hallowed spot. She was one of the family, and even though she was black, her heart was as pure, if not purer, than the white children she raised. What virtues were born in us she helped develop, and if her teachings bring the reward they should, she

will meet with full returns, for her life was a labor of love.

"We taught her how to read, but it was a work of years and affection. At the suggestion of a lesson in spelling she would have something to do for 'old Miss' and she would hide herself from us, or go to sleep sitting in her chair. She claimed she was so tired, and it was time for us to go to bed. The book of Nature—the outdoor world—was her chief teacher, rather than printed books, and she used to say she needed or cared for none other. When mother could not be found, Aunt Julie heard our prayers, and after she had tucked the cover close about us in the wintry weather, she would sit in front of the wood fire in our nursery and sing and croon to us until we fell asleep.

"It was after the shadow of the war fell upon the South and all the men had to go away to fight and leave the women and children unprotected, that Aunt Julie's faithfulness, her brave and loving instincts best showed themselves.

"Living in the country away from any town or city, practically between the lines of two great armies, the 'old home' was constantly subjected to depredations of all sorts, and at

times its inmates threatened with violence and murder by irresponsible, drunken and half-starved raiders and bushwhackers, made up of the deserting refuse of both armies.

"Every night, and often during the day, the doors were barred and the windows bolted, and I well remember one of those terrible nights, when the outer doors had been broken in and my mother with Aunt Julie had gathered the female help and the children in her bedroom, and how, armed with double-barreled shotguns, like sentinels they stood behind its doors and kept these desperate men at bay until help came from an encampment close by that had been told of our danger by a stable boy.

"Often at night, when the drums sounded the 'long roll' in anticipation of an attack and we expected the house to be burned or shot to pieces, situated as it was between the firing lines, Aunt Julie would pull us from our beds and as she dressed us, instill words of courage in our little hearts and tell us of the deeds of ours and her ancestors, and why should we be afraid of anything or anyone except the devil.

"I remember her taking me 'visitin'' one day to the home of a colored family, and while

we were there some drunken federal soldiers raided the house and tried to carry me away. Now, Aunt Julie up to the time of her death never thought the 'war was over.' She despised anyone who wore the 'blue.' By instinct she was as gentle as a dove; when her charges were threatened she was a tigress. She claimed that her heart was gray, that she was not only rebel intuitively, but 'rebel born'; so tearing me from them, she pushed me behind her, and like the old mother hen when the hawk comes, sheltered and covered me with her body, while with a chair she drove them from the house.

"After her charges were 'grown up' Aunt Julie would take Sundays to herself. Her finery had accumulated in wondrous heaps. We could not laugh at her, but from the windows on Sunday mornings we would watch her start to church, with a bonnet built before the war and a dress of last year's making. Aunt Julie wore her clothes in 'layers.' When she went 'a visitin'' she wanted to put them all on at one time. The Queen of Sheba could have taken no more pains than she did when it came to the making of her toilet, and when she went forth,

Solomon in all his wisdom could not have classified her.

“We loved her and we respected and revered her. My father ‘set her free’ two years before the war was over and paid her wages and provided for her in his will. She had proven faithful, had watched over his children, had safeguarded not only them but their mother, and in God’s paradise, I’m sure, she holds an exalted place, and there as she did here, is ministering to the joys of the ‘child angels’ who form the ‘Choir Invisible.’ ”

* * * * * * * *

I caught the flash of his eyes and saw that they were bedimmed with tears. Quickly he turned to the open window and I left him meditating upon the past and the love and virtues of Aunt Julie, his Ole Colored Mammy, his coal black mammy.

UNCLE HENRY

HE WAS a gentleman in every acceptation of the term—a Kentucky gentleman—and his wife was a grand-daughter of Henry Clay, “the great Commoner.” “Ashland” at Lexington was his home, and he graced it as would a Chesterfield. Among women he was Prince Charming; with men Richard, the Lion-Hearted, and as a boy I often thought their respective charms and graces only feebly imitated the virtues of my Uncle Henry.

It was his custom to give to his nephews and myself, whom, though not a blood relative, he honored with his affection, his surplus guns and bird dogs, and he often took us with him on his hunting trips, one of which I happily recall.

We were quail shooting in the Piney woods of Alabama and the Governor of the State made up our party of four. One night after a hard day’s tramp, and a well-cooked dinner on my uncle’s private car, in which we often travelled,



Uncle Henry

the Governor, who had been a colonel in the Confederate army, entertained us for an hour with stories of the war, and in language fulsome and reflective, related striking instances of how with his command he had licked the "damn Yankees" on numerous occasions in battle.

Now Uncle Henry had been an officer in the Federal army. He was a major on General Halleck's staff, of which the Governor was not aware, and each time he used this term his emphasis grew more pronounced, and I could see my uncle wince as from a knife wound in his breast, but he was the host and the Governor was his guest, so he sat and listened and he smiled, Chesterfield that he was.

Very still we boys sat, and as we watched Uncle Henry's smile, we "smelled danger" and wondered at his self-control; so to relieve the situation and stay an explosion, one of us told the Governor that our uncle was a major in the Federal army. He seemed not to hear, but he did, and to even up and square himself with his host, he began to tell stories of the "Rebels," and they followed in rapid and voluminous succession, and it looked as though he applied

every qualifying and damning adjective in Webster's unabridged to those whom only a moment before he had "lauded to the skies." But the smile remained upon Uncle Henry's face.

After the gentleman from Alabama had grown tired of talking and seemed somewhat winded, there was a long pause, and then he suggested a game of poker, to which Uncle Henry, always agreeably, quietly assented. It was the gravest mistake of the evening the Governor had made, for my uncle was one of the best poker players in all Kentucky, and we had been his pupils. He loved the game, not so much for the money, for he had an abundance of that, he loved it because it suggested a contest of nerve, wit and luck, and all three were his. He gloried in matching his wits against those of others. I have seen him look you in the eyes until your lids grew weak, your chips look like monuments, and as your judgment flickered in "mental nowheres" you laid down three queens to a "bob-tail flush."

On the morning after the first night, the Governor wired for more money. He said he had been "wrecked," and after the third "session"

the affairs of State became so pressing he had to bid us good-bye, and in parting Uncle Henry smiled a satisfied smile and made one of us lend the Governor of Alabama ten dollars to get home on.

Uncle Henry was tall and sinewy, handsome and graceful. He was one of the best dancers in the State when a young man, and fair women vied with each other for his dancing favors. He was a fox hunter, and his hounds recognizing the blast of his horn, leaped to its call and used to think that as its music reverberated throughout the hills, the whippoor-wills and the night birds kept still to listen, and the foxes took to their holes.

He did not care to have the pack "pick up the fox." He ran not for its death, but for the music of the chase, and when with bulging eyes and straining limbs, well packed, like demons in the night, the dogs on some hidden stand would pass us, in excitement I have heard him call out, "Run, Brer Fox, run, for Hell's lets loose and the Devil is after you."

I remember once being with him on a deer hunt in the mountains. Our stands were close together in a beautiful runway, and I wandered

over to where he was, as the hounds on a cold trail had passed out of hearing, and there was little prospect of the quarry's doubling and coming back our way, when unexpectedly over the ridge of the mountain we could hear them, grouped in full cry, heading for our hiding place.

It was too late to return to my stand, so together we waited, nor was it long, for we could see the deer coming in leaps down the bed of the stream that ran in the middle of the runway. One of us moved, and detecting it, as a deer will do, suddenly he stopped within easy range, and for a moment there he stood, a great stag with wonderful antlers, his eyes blazing, his sides flecked with foam, for he had been hard pressed and was running long. Before I could fire, Uncle Henry gripped my arm and said, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, he wants to live, and he's human like you and me."

The tenderness in his heart dominated him, and the gentility of his soul ruled and directed him in thought and action. He seemed always to say the right thing, and when occasion demanded he acted as should a gentleman to the manner born.

Once in the Pendennis Club in Louisville, Ky., I was standing near him, when a member approached, and asked what he thought of the silly behavior of a beautiful and prominent woman, who, at a dinner in the Club the night before, had indiscreetly taken too much wine. Uncle Henry looked him straight in the face and while his eyes blazed like coals of fire, said, "Sir, I never think, when a cur dog barks; I swear; nor do I discuss a lady in a club, supposed, mark me, I say supposed, to be made up solely of gentlemen. The 'cap was a good fit'" and turning upon his heel the member walked away.

In Uncle Henry's vocabulary there was no such word as fear. He was a born leader of men. When his mood was ill, others dared not cross him. He brooked an honest difference of opinion, but with the disputation of a fool he had no tolerance. Charity lived in his breast and his heart was attuned to gentleness and compassion. I have seen him bandage tenderly the broken leg of a dog and bind the wing of a wounded bird, and I have known him to risk his life to save that of one he loved.

The New Testament was his text book and

the Sermon on the Mount he endeavored to have regulate his life. He was human, he loved the great outdoors, "the call of the wild," the smell of the smoke from the camp fire by the side of some running brook with its murmurings to lull you to sleep, the soughing of the wind through the tree tops, the wooded country, the trackless plains—all thrilled and appealed strongly to him.

I loved and cherished him. He was my dream man come true—my model of character and manhood, of truthfulness and honor. On the spot where those who loved him placed the frame that carried his immortal soul, the grass grows green and the ivy clings tenderly, as in gentle lullaby its leaves whisper and commune together, while the wild violets bow their heads and lend fragrance to the loving memory of my Uncle Henry.

MY SOUTHERN MOTHER

HE was a good sportsman. He had played the game of life bravely and fairly without discredit or reflection upon himself, and he did not allow the knowledge that he had passed the allotted three score and ten years to distress or disturb him, for his mind was clear as a bell and his heart was young with the joy of living and the milk of human kindness.

He tried to forget that he was practically alone in the world, for sorrow had hit him heavily and the "man with the scythe" had shown him little mercy. Still he smiled. He felt there was work for him yet to do, a mission to perform, somewhere, he knew not how nor when. He was just ready waiting at his post, until called and wanted. All his life he had helped make the world a better place to live in, and with that endeavor he knew that he was still needed.

In giving life a cheery tone he gathered

crumbs of satisfaction and pleasure for himself, while dispensing loaves of cheerfulness to those who sought his company and his friendship.

His thin gray hair indicated that the trespasses of time had not touched him lightly, and the wrinkles in his face spoke of worries, but his laugh did not advertise them, it just smoothed them out and killed them. I watched him in admiration, and sitting next him at the club, I listened while to a gathering of his friends he told this story, as silence fell upon us all and memory brought back to him pictures of the past.

"It is hardly proper to talk of one's self in this busy day life of ours, this haste, this economy of time. Our interest centers chiefly and selfishly in things of daily occurrence and matters that more particularly concern ourselves. and we have neither opportunity nor disposition to listen to the happenings that make up the yesterdays of long ago.

"We are making history too fast for mind and body every day and every hour, and there are few rest spots to stop and think as we move along, but as you insist upon a story, I shall be-

come personal and tell you of ‘My Southern Mother and her Nine Sons.’

“I do not believe there ever were six handsomer men than were six of my devoted brothers, types of a mother who loved them as she did her soul, each tall in stature, powerful in frame, wonderful in strength and worshipful of her who had borne them and taught them the highest duties and principles of life.

“There had been nine of us boys, two had ‘left us’ in early boyhood, but mother always counted them as though they were still with us, and I can hear now her dear voice, as when often asked, ‘How many boys have you, Madam?’ She would say ‘nine, seven are with me now, the other two have gone visiting.’

“There had to be a doctor in every large southern family, so my father was a physician, and therefore himself watched over his immediate household relatives and slaves, which latter were indeed a charge, as we were often subjected to epidemics of cholera on the different plantations. At such times night after night and almost daily I have known him to work and spend his time in the negro quarters, armed with calomel and quinine, the only medicines we

knew for this terrible Southern plague. So his duties were most trying, and necessitated his absence from home to care for his slaves, of whom he owned more than one thousand. Whenever any distress befell them they always wanted 'Old Master.'

"So he went, and to mother fell chiefly the charge and the love duty of raising and 'bringing up' her family of nine boys. She was indeed a mother. Throughout the country wide she was called the 'Grand Duchess.' No priestess of the Delphic oracle was more reverenced than was she by all the whites and negroes, nor could one have exercised more care and watchfulness over the charges placed in her keeping by my father. Cornelia, the 'Mother of the Gracchi,' was only positive and forceful.

"My mother was not only forceful and unbending in the discharge of duty, but her heart was so great and overflowing with the milk of human kindness that there was just enough of her, that was mortal, to keep her on earth until God's mission for which she was intended had been performed.

"One day Robin, my boy brother, with his brown curly hair, while dressed in his hunting

clothes, as he mounted his horse to go quail shooting, caught the hammer of his gun in his coat and with its discharge the load of birdshot took effect beneath his chin and he fell at his horse's feet. My mother picked up his bleeding form and laid it upon the sofa in the hall, and there she stood in her white dress, stained with his dying blood, and as she looked upon him, seemingly she turned to stone. 'The Man With the Scythe' has no mercy and seems to know not where to stop; so shortly after this he called again and my father, with the responsibilities that rested upon him in his endeavor to do life's work, broke down in health and he 'left us,' and then the two boy brothers 'went away.'

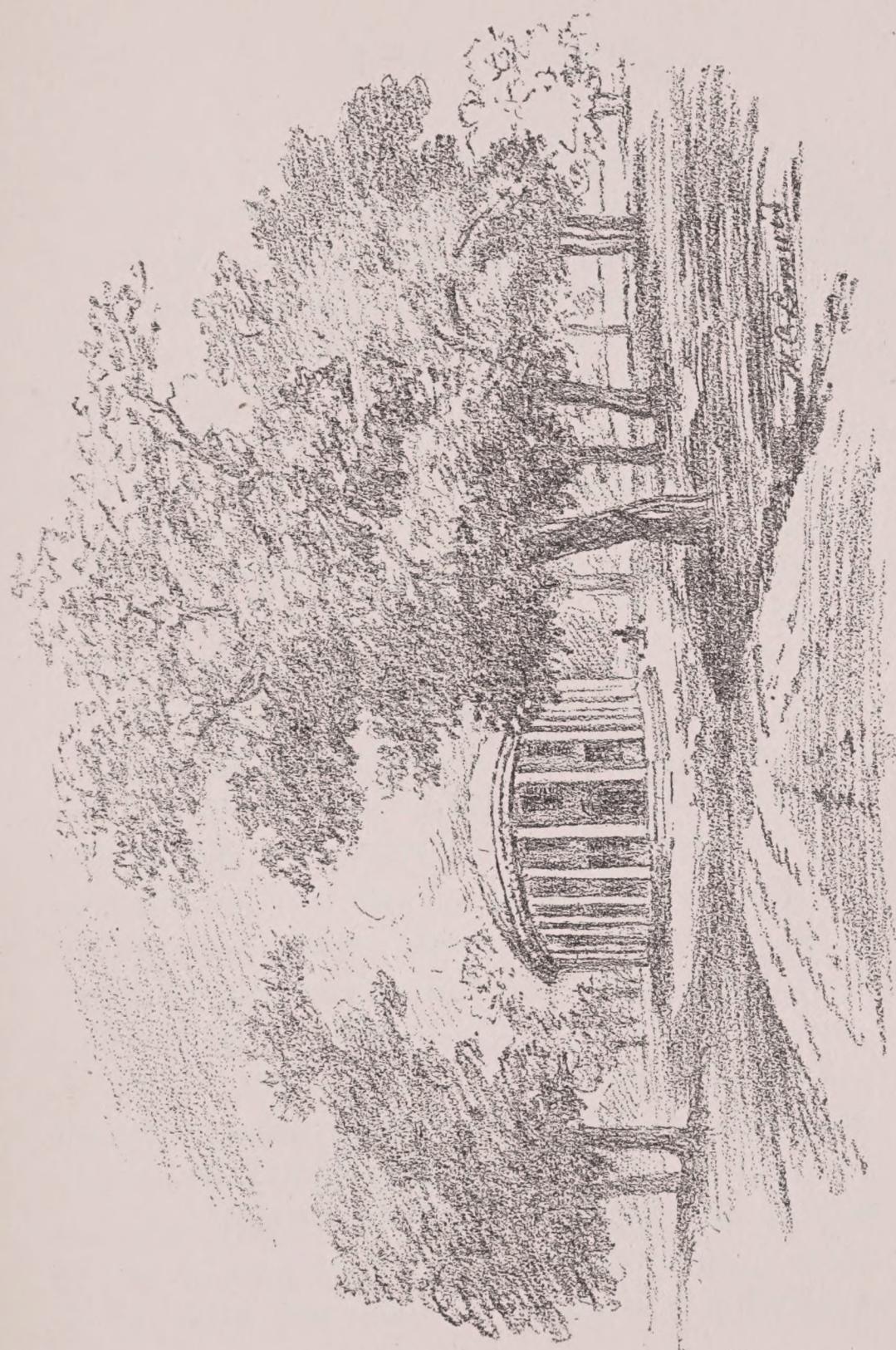
"After that mother took two leaves from the dining-room table and removed the four empty chairs and we sat closer together. Then some years passed, and a respite from further sorrow fell to my mother, and with her trusting, beautiful Christian nature the old sweet smile came to her dear face again, happiness reigned once more, the dead past was further off, and the tempest seemed tempered to this shorn and loved one, our mother.

"It was a custom after two of my brothers married and went to Arkansas to live, every summer to meet again at the Old Homestead and mother always celebrated the reunion with a great ball, when the house almost groaned with my brothers' gentlemen guests. They slept on cots, on mattresses laid upon the bedroom floors, and in tents in the grove. Such was our hospitality. Every family almost, in Tennessee, was to be represented at the ball, and when midnight came, for that was the hour of retiring, the grove with lamps and twinkling candle lights moving about the tents, looked like an army of fireflies darting among the great oak trees. It was a tented city about to go to sleep.

"My brothers' friends came, it seemed to me, from everywhere. The Homestead was twelve miles from any town or city and was nearest Franklin, Tenn. It was either here or to Nashville mother sent to buy our groceries or have her shopping done. We did not miss the railroad station close by the modern country home. Everybody drove in fine teams, with wondrous horses, and the limestone pike leading to

Franklin seemed hardly to have a rut and to be only 'a short stone's throw.'

"A high spiked iron fence for a mile or more lining the pike, with a double gate for an entrance, so heavy that it almost took two men to open it, fronted our home and a wide graveled road wound among the great oak trees for another mile before reaching the Homestead. You could not see the house from the pike. It was indeed beautiful, the work of master hands with wondrous taste, built round of red brick with an immense white painted dome, every bedroom an outside room with green painted slatted shutters and window sills of immaculate white. Immense white hollow wooden corrugated pillars reaching to the roof surrounded the entire building with bases that rested upon blocks of limestone, forming a wide walk that encircled the house. The front steps were of smoothed and polished stone, and the great front door of massive oak with brass knockers and my family's coat of arms above them. On entering you faced the great round hall with its waxen floor with the skins of many wild animals wonderfully tanned and cared for, almost covering it; paintings hung between the doors, that in



The Old Homestead

equally measured distances opened from the rounded walls, and above these was a covered and small pillared encircling gallery with latticed railing, upon which the guest bedrooms opened.

"Double stairways lead from the hall to the gallery, and it was a custom at all the great balls for the older people to gather there and watch their loved sons and beautiful daughters dance the quadrille, the minuet and the Virginia reel.

"Great preparations had to be made for the giving of this 'Reunion Ball.' Servants had to be brought in from the nearest plantation, and all the cooks mother could furnish or borrow were gotten together. Caterers were sent from Nashville, and the odor from the cooking of black cake permeated the air; different colored jellies were needed for the pyramids, and jellied meats had to be made and put in the ice-houses and dairies.

"Mother delighted in the happiness she was giving and presided like a general over her forces. Every day before luncheon all my brothers' gentlemen guests would gather in the big hall where a table had been set with silver

goblets of uniform size. Near these were two large cut-glass bowls filled with sweet mint and cracked ice, sugar, long-handled spoons and decanters of aged whisky from my father's cellar. Each gentleman prepared his own julep, and they laughed, and they chatted, but no one touched his drink until the rustle of mother's black silk dress was heard on the stairway, and as she passed them on the way to luncheon, lending approval as it seemed, to their merrymaking, each cavalier bowed and, lifting his glass to his lips, drank to the health and happiness of my mother.

"For weeks before all the lovely girls invited to the ball had been provided with escorts and engagements made for the different dances, cards for such having been inclosed with their invitations. The home darky band had been drilled for months, and its black prompter felt his position more important than that of the State's Governor. With his band he was to alternate in the dances with the best white band sent from Nashville.

"Now it was a rule of the house that its members and guests should always be present at breakfast. My mother requested it, and none

of us ever disappointed her unless from sickness. If there was a dance the night before, breakfast was served a little later. There were no modern house party breakfasts running all morning, the servants had to be considered, and the great house was conducted with a system that reflected my mother's good and considerate management.

"On the morning after the ball at the breakfast table my brother Tom's chair was vacant. None of us could find him in his room. His bed had been untouched, and while we waited a carriage drove slowly up the graveled walk. I can hear now the sound as it crunched the gravel beneath the wheels, and when it stopped at the front steps, four gentlemen got out and then they lifted my brother's lifeless body gently from the inside. Tom! my debonair, my handsome, my brave brother, whose life was so characterized by grace and lightheartedness! We gathered around mother and hovered over her, but she pushed us aside and without a tear, she took her boy in her arms and held him close to her breast, and it seemed as though while she stood there her hair assumed a whiter tint, and we knew her heart was broken.

"On the evening before at the ball after supper in the midst of the dancing, while 'joy was unconfined' and happiness reigned supreme a gentleman guest stepped upon the skirt of the dress of my brother's partner, tearing it almost from her body. In anger my brother expostulated with him and condemned him for his carelessness. Whereupon he was forthwith challenged to meet in the early morning and in an exchange of shots my brother's life was taken.

"After this my mother seldom spoke, and as two of my brothers were still on the plantation in Arkansas our family was reduced to four. Then Tennessee seceded from the Union and the tocsin sounded and the cry of war rang out. I was in Nashville when the State's first Confederate regiment was mobilized. How well I recall that day! The regiment was composed of the flower of Tennessee's young manhood. I can see them now with their beautiful gray uniforms trimmed with gold braid. One of my brothers was an officer in it, the other a private. Their flag, the 'Stars and Bars,' had been presented to them by the ladies of Nashville, and as they marched to the train to go away, led by fife and drum playing 'Dixie,' the young wo-

men showered flowers upon them, the old men waved their handkerchiefs, while mothers smiled to help conceal their rising tears.

“It did not look like war. It seemed a frolic rather than a tragedy. How unlike a scene I witnessed last week in the suburbs of a great city, on a country road, a regiment of sunburned and hardened young men, as fine if not finer than those I saw march away in the War of the Rebellion under the ‘Stars and Bars.’ There were no flowers showered upon them, no handshaking, no kisses from loved ones, no band to lead them, no martial air to inspire them, no fife nor drum to stir their souls, and in uniform tread they marched under ‘sealed orders’—where they knew not—to be secretly loaded to a transport for ‘somewhere in France.’ Their country’s flag, the ‘Stars and Stripes,’ hovered over them! They loved it and what it stood for; and that was enough. It had called and they had answered.

“Dangers in front of them, dangers beneath them, dangers above them, dangers everywhere, but like the six hundred at Balaklava they were soldiers, real soldiers and their instructions were ‘to do or die.’ No smiles

radiated from their faces. Death was the only spectator, and he stood on the side lines. Still, with determination, with set purpose, with full knowledge of their undertaking, they marched, without good-byes. Not a sound except the tramp of their feet upon the hardened street. Not a word.

"They were hurrying to the trenches to 'No Man's land' from which few return—to the mouth of hell! And as I watched them it reminded me of that one other march, the saddest the world ever saw, that march to Calvary, and each gun they carried seemed a cross. One died for men that we might live; the other, the soldier, was ready to follow his example. Brave men, young, wonderful men, true Americans, and I honor them as more than worthy descendants of those who have made history and character for their country!"

"Heroes, character for their country! Heroes, do you call them? Yes, more heroes than the dead heroes of the Civil War, than was Washington and his few faithful followers at Valley Forge in the war of the Revolution that terrible winter, in the hardships they endured, and when all looked so dark and hopeless!"

"My two brothers in Arkansas enlisted with the troops from that State and after my remaining brothers had gone with the first Tennessee regiment mother and I were left alone in the old homestead. I was then fourteen, and, although I wanted to go as a drummer boy, my brothers would not allow it and insisted that I remain at home to care for mother. She herself made no protest—God bless her sainted soul!"

"War with its terrors, with its desolation, its waste, its destruction, its growing famine, its heartbreaks, its deaths, raged around us for several years and then I could wait no longer, so I left mother with some of the old faithful servants and obtained a commission in the army of Tennessee. Shortly after this, one of my brothers, who had become a general, took me as an aide upon his staff. I always believed it was with the idea of watching over me and keeping me out of danger.

"One day when he foresaw that the Battle of Franklin was fast coming on and would soon take place, he sent for me and, handing me a sealed package, ordered me to deliver it to a wounded officer in a hospital at Columbia, and

on my return to stop by the homestead and see how my mother fared. I delivered my package at the hospital, as instructed, and on my arrival home I found her well and, after stabling my horse for the night, we retired at a late hour. In the morning I arose early and was much surprised to find my mother standing on the front steps of the house looking into the distance with her hand shielding her eyes from the sunlight, my horse close by, saddled and waiting.

"Turning to me she asked 'did you hear the booming of cannon an hour ago? I have had your horse brought to the door.' As we talked, again they opened roar, and pointing with her other hand in the direction of the sound, she said, 'my boy, the battle of Franklin has begun!'

"'Go, and go quickly! Your country needs you! Don't you hear her calling?'

"It is not necessary here to rehearse this battle. History tells us what it was. My brother, at the head of his brigade, was wounded twice, once in the foot, but he never stopped for that. A few moments later a minnie ball gave him a scalp wound and falling stunned from his horse, Gen. Pat Cleburne, who was

riding near him leaped to his rescue, and while he wiped the blood from his forehead and pushed back his hair, he, too, was wounded. Later on my brother's horse was shot from under him, killed by the explosion of a shell, and this explosion crippled him for life. Then my other brother, a captain in this same battle, was shot through the cheek, marked for life, and I at the battle of Perryville received a wound which has given me this twisted arm.

"Later on came the surrender of General Lee, and the war was over. There was another home-coming, and mother waited to receive her boys in the Old Homestead. First came my brother, the oldest of us left, on crutches; then my brother marked for life; then my two brothers from Arkansas, wasted, worn and haggard; then I with my crippled arm.

"After this came the 'reconstruction days'; then the Ku Klux; and then peace—real peace—the first we had known since the war.

"So we went to work; work we had never done before; work to reconstruct our homes, to restore our wasted fields, and what that work has done for the South shows today in the whirr of its cotton mills, its manufactures and its general prosperity, for now it blossoms as does the

rose. It is because we are Americans—Americans under one flag, Americans of one solidified country that we love—that we had the courage to ‘rise Phoenixlike from our ashes.’

“Years have passed since that sad homecoming, and I am the last left of my Southern mother and her nine sons. Yet I see her now with her hand shielding her eyes from the sunlight, standing at the portal of her heavenly mansion looking across the ‘Great Divide’ waiting for me, as at the portal of the old homestead she stood once before, and while the cannon boomed out, hear her voice, ‘Go, haste, my son, your country needs you! Don’t you hear her calling?’

“Over the family table, in the household provided in God’s land, mother still presides, and its leaves have all been put back again, but there is one vacant chair, and that’s for me, the youngest, the baby boy—the little Benjamin of my brothers.”

After he had finished this story, we put our arms around him, and there was not a dry eye to be found, and the picture of that dear mother brought home to each and every one of us sweet memories that soften the heart and make the whole world akin.

A STORMY COURTSHIP

THERE was a twinkle in his eye and merriment in his soul. He had friends everywhere and his experiences were innumerable. He was a veteran of the Civil War and had served with General Lee through his entire campaign up to the time of the surrender. Of course, he was a good talker, and with a smile upon his face that radiated through its wrinkles, he told us this story.

It was just before the outbreak of the Civil War and the South, especially Louisiana, had attained its highest known state of prosperity. The cane and the rice fields for several successive years had blossomed like the rose, and the only worry the planter had was the high stage of the Mississippi, and whether the levees could hold the great body of water penned in behind them.

One night, at a great ball given at her father's homestead, in honor of the State's most

lovely debutante, noted for her beauty both at home and in New Orleans, with the neighbors gathered from the surrounding country to do her homage, and while all went "merry as a marriage bell," the report came that one of the levees had broken and a crevasse of great magnitude, impossible to stay, had opened; that the country above was deeply flooded, and that homes with their inmates were being washed away before the deluge. That the river itself had changed its channel and would soon bear down upon them.

With minds already charged with fear of such an happening, terror seized upon the guests of the ball and "there was hurrying to and fro and gathering tears and tremblings of distress and cheeks all pale, which but an hour before had blushed at the praise of their own loveliness."

Now this ancestral home of the ball was erected upon an eminence, and had stood the shock of the Mississippi's waters on two former occasions. The house was colonial in style, built of stone and brick, two stories in height, with immense stone pillars in front facing a long graveled drive with shrubbery on either

side. It was surrounded by great trees whose overhanging limbs grew lovingly about its roof, sheltering and protecting it as they clustered over and above it.

In the hurry that ensued, the mad rush in vehicles to get away, the queen of the evening, this beautiful young debutante, who had foolishly gone to her room to make some change in her apparel, was overlooked and left alone with her partner of the last dance.

Only one who has seen or been caught in an overflow of the Mississippi can imagine the destruction done and the rapidity with which the country is flooded by this great uncontrolled body of water, distributing itself over miles of most beautiful and thickly populated country. In many instances houses are swept from their foundations, trees uprooted and property of every description destroyed. Nor is it an uncommon sight to see whole cabins, sometimes with occupants sweeping by, caught as were our young friends by the rapidly rising water.

Finding themselves in this dilemma, caught in this trap by the swiftly rising flood, from the first floor of the old home they took to the second, and from the second to the roof, and as

the water rose higher, they crawled upon the overhanging limbs of those friendly trees and there, perched like crows, they waited for the coming of the morn.

Each gust of wind periled their unstable berths, and as they swayed and rocked and swayed, this gentle maiden unconsciously, in the roar of waters beneath them and with the thought of safety more perfect and profound than the limbs afforded, in intermittent spells would grab and cling to her partner of the dance, whom she only slightly knew, until the wind quieted, when suffused with blushes, quickly she would release him.

Love is born at first sight, I'm told. In this instance, it was not born at all—it was just there, responsive and protective, or probably being dormant, sprouted when watered. Who knows? With her, mayhaps, only sleeping but still concealed, with her cavalier growing, but not yet blossomed. Occasion, it seems, sometimes develops a condition as yet unexpressed, or of which previously we were not aware.

As the night progressed and this trying game grew strenuous, from doleful crows they became cooing doves; and while not a football

match, from a "single grab" it became a "double clutch"—the storm lost all its terrors and the waters seemed to murmur rather than to roar.

Of course, in this tumult of love there had been a courtship on a swaying limb with the mad Mississippi underneath, a mute courtship, an expression without voice, a proffered and longing look, and as to its acceptance, the lover seemed to read it while the wild wind divined it.

So it was sealed somehow, hermetically sealed, like a jar of peach preserves. Had there been a love speech, only Monsieur Cupid could have heard it—or it was drowned by the roar of the raging waters.

On the afternoon of the day following these lovers were rescued from the swinging dove-cote, and I never knew whether they were glad or sorry that their rescuers had come so soon.

At another ball, given many years after at this old home in celebration of the silver wedding of mine host and hostess, the same living and central figures of this story, it was my fortune to have been present and to have heard again this stirring tale, when "my lady," blushing as did the rose when first it viewed the

morn, sweetly said, that only John had crawled upon the trees, and then to rescue some people in distress; that the cooing and billing dove story, like the dovecote, was only fiction; and, that her husband had never kissed her in dry weather or in wet—not even once—before they were married.

Be that as it may, I have told the story as I first and always heard it. I dislike doubting a good woman, yet I never could understand why my old friend John never said a word and only smiled. He knows, but he'll never tell, for he would die rather than contradict his still beautiful, loving and devoted bride.

Someone touched the bell, and after we were served, we drank to this dear couple now living and surrounded with many blessings in the city of New Orleans.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

SHE was so beautiful with her big brown eyes and her curly hair, with the tints that Titian painted and there was something about it that set you thinking of that deep, brief, hectic "twilight in which Southern suns fall asleep." The pink of the ripened peach lived in her cheeks, and the color of the red rose kissed her lips.

In the bow of her Cupid's mouth, in even rows, like polished ivory her teeth were set. The glow of health showed itself in every movement of her body. The purity of her soul shone through her eyes, and the goodness of her heart poured out itself like a river of sunbeams, peeping through gently fluttering leaves, when the sun sets low.

Everybody loved her, all the birds and animals seemed to know that she was their friend. In the garden of the old home, with its boxwooded, rose-bordered paths, when she walked,



My Little Sister

the pigeons from the barn would fly and gather round and about her, and if there was a wounded or broken leg among them, they seemed to know that she would care for it, wrap and bind it. The house dogs walked of their own listing with her, and constituted themselves with fidelity and loving watchfulness her guards and keepers. Even the wild birds seemed not to fear her.

All beautiful life communed and harmonized with her, the roses reached out for her to inhale their fragrance, and the violets while besteepled with the morning's dew, shook their velvety heads that they might stand the straighter to greet her as she passed. There did not seem enough of her, that was like the rest of us to keep her long, and I know my mother felt this, as did we all, so we watched over her and guarded her as a loan, a precious loan from Heaven.

When she was born, it was with a smile, not a cry as are most of us, and the smile clung to her so lovingly through babyhood that it made dimples in her cheeks. In girlhood her laugh reverberated throughout our home and catching its contagion your frown became a

smile, your worry a nothing, your distress a joy.

Her voice was attuned to Heaven's music and sometimes when she sang to me, her older brother, at night time in the moonlight, as we sat upon the steps of our Southern home, I thought she was immortal. Often now in my dreams, I hear again that voice, as with her hand in mine, she sang,

Lead, kindly light, o'er moor and fen,
O'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

One afternoon, I think she was sixteen then, without telling any of us, she went to the stables and had a coachman saddle a young blooded colt, hardly broken, and started alone for a ride. She was as fearless as she was beautiful, and she loved this wonderful and high-bred colt, that my brother had given her. Blood counts with such animals, as it does with individuals, and their dispositions vary and change, and at times they show moods, loves and tempers most unaccountable, such as do that gentler and opposite sex to ourselves.

I saw my sister canter down the graveled

road leading from the house. Her riding alone I gave but little thought to, as she often did so, but I felt she was unwise to try out an unbroken colt. I did not know, I could not see, but the Grim Body Servant, Death, rode by her side.

That evening she did not come back in time for dinner, and we waited and wondered in dread, and in bated breath discussed the lateness of her returning. My brother ordered the alarm bell sounded, calling for all the help in the negro quarter, and we began our search for my little sister. By the old and unused ferry, where the narrow river ran deepest, we saw tracks of her horse, and on the opposite bank, tangled in his bridle, among the bushes, we found him with his neck broken, but no signs of our loved one could we see. All that night we vainly looked for her.

Early in the morning, where a spring branch flowed into the river, we found her body hidden in the wild watercress that grew there in great profusion. The same dear smile was upon her face that she was born with, and it looked as though she were only fast asleep. Lovingly my brother and I took her precious body in our arms and began our sad return to the old home-

stead, where mother waited for our coming. It was almost a mile to the house, and on our return we moved slowly with all the negroes following, and our loved one's old colored Mammy led them in crooning and singing in soft plaintive tones the songs she had sung to her precious charge in babyhood.

When we passed the old-fashioned garden that my little sister so dearly loved, the negroes pulled the roses from the bushes, and as they sang they threw them in our pathway. There is sorrow and a crown to sorrow, but the sorrow that comes from a lost and loved one, leaves a void that human existence can never fill. The thought and the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" lingers, and lingers on, into seeming deep eternity. Often and often in the stilly night you hear it "calling you," and you reach out to clasp and press to your heart a loving hand, and waking, find it only a passing dream. So our family circle was broken, and the old home was never the same again.

In the corner of the garden, where the roses abound thickest, three tall silver poplars grow, and built beside them is a high brick fence,

formed square, enclosing a sacred spot where my little sister's body rests. Ivy so covers the fence that you see no walls, for they all are olive green. Roses grow about the entrance and intertwine and cling to the iron-rodded gate, and through the interstices of the flowers and the leaves you catch glimpses of the stone that bears the inscription, "My Little Sister."

Among the ivy leaves in the spring, the thrush and the wood sparrows make their nests. In the late summer in the high branches of the silver poplars, the doves stop awhile to mourn for their little mate, and the robins as they gather to migrate further south, stretch their throats in song as though to bid farewell to this sacred spot, and when the winter time comes and all except the ivy that's beautiful in the rose garden is withered and seems dead, the wild wind mourns through the tops of the three silvered guardsmen, and they bow their heads in obeisance, as in their loneliness, they call for my little sister.

DID HE ROCK THE BOAT

THE midday sun grew warm and as our tramp had been a long one, in the inviting shade of an old elm tree we threw ourselves upon the ground and rested. A good fellow loves to talk. It's characteristic of educated Southerners, most of them talk well and charmingly, and though in some instances they have been known to hang themselves by indulging too freely in thought's expression, in others they prove engaging while dreamily you listen to some good story, as did I, to my tramping friend as we lay stretched upon the grass.

"It was the summer of 1876 and I was on my vacation in Philadelphia at the 'Centennial Fair' with as fine and joyous a lot of young Kentuckians as the old State ever knew. In their young manhood they were indeed proud scions of the 'Bluegrass' educated to the purple, sensitive of honor and chivalrous to the ladies.

"One day a letter came to me from a beautiful girl, the daughter of the most eminent surgeon in the South, asking if I did not think my

summer's outing would prove more profitable to health if spent at a wondrous resort in the Cumberland Mountains, where the fish begged you to take them, the air braced you, the women all needed dancing partners and the sunshine warmed your soul.

"She was a woman of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Her eyes, her golden hair, her features all seemed perfect. She was indeed beautiful. In conversation she could hold you entranced. In little worries she could lend you her heart, even tears, were it needful. At times she was fascinating, sympathetic, and were you not guarded, she would play upon your heartstrings until you unburdened your soul.

"She was a flirt. She seemed to think it was her inherited due to punish the man sex, probably from courtesy to Eve, until they became her playthings, yet I know her heart was good, as has been proved, for today she is a loving, happy and faithful wife, but as a young girl she conducted a refined slaughter house of her own and men were the victims.

"Ever since Adam started the game, man has been topheavy when it comes to a beautiful woman who seems to manifest some interest in

him. History recounts so many instances that it were folly to enumerate even one of them, so like any other half or whole man to the mountains I had to go. For a few days it was a dream of Eden, beautiful girls at games about the lawns, strolls through the hills, fishing, boating upon the deep and swiftly flowing river, tennis matches, the gathering of wild flowers, doing the Virginia reel by day and waltzing by night on the piazzas in the moonlight.

“Such dreams could not remain, and of necessity must have abrupt awakenings, and mine ended in the usual manner. Another fellow came, he was a man of letters, the owner of a great newspaper, so I was thrown upon the brush pile. I pined in grief for many long and watchful hours. In my breast bitter resentment burned alive. My place had been taken by another, this lettered man, and it seemed to me he gloated at my misfortune. He was as I had been, ‘the man of the hour’ and, like ‘Patience on a monument,’ I smiled, and thought unutterable things while suffering pangs, which like worms fed on my sunburned cheeks, and yet as did Casabianca I stayed on, although her voice was no longer heard.

"But the pressure became unbearable and pictures of home began to gather as I figured on my wasted summer, and in desperation I engaged passage to leave this 'Lost Paradise' on the four o'clock morning's stage two days later.

"On the afternoon of the day before I was to leave, as a panacea to my sore distress, and a decided ease to her own conscience, this beautiful girl consented to leave my hated rival for a few hours and take her last boating trip with me upon the river where we had spent so many happy days. It was not like any of the merry trips we had taken before, it was more a voyage of lamentation, and being soon over, on our return while I was endeavoring to make a landing in front of the hotel verandas where the river was deepest, with her arms filled with wild flowers that the mountains grow, the poems that Tennyson had sung, and the story of Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, this 'woman of the Gods', her hair like skeins of gold kissed by sunbeams, rose from her seat in the end of the boat, and with a sigh of relief for penance done, stepped forward and threw her weight upon its side, when it quickly careened and toppled both of us into the deep river.

"When she rose the first time I seized her by her beautiful hair and grappling we sank together. How fast my mind worked at that moment only he knows who is drowning. I remember the sandy bottom of the river, how we played foot-ball upon it as we rolled, crawled, pulled and struggled, it seemed as though years for its nearby bank, and how still grappled, my feet touching and imbedded in the sand, we rose together to the surface, when God's fresh air once more filled my lungs and with my little remaining strength, I placed the precious burden upon the river's bank.

"With a 'Babel of voices' and much excitement, the guests of the hotel crowded to the scene and lovingly and tenderly they carried my partner of the afternoon to her rooms, where in a short time, recovering, she became her sweet self again, and sent messages innumerable asking that she might see me to express her thanks and obligation for the service I had rendered and to wait another day before taking the morning's early stage for home.

Jokingly she has often since said, had I done so, and not been so stubbornly wicked, each might tell a different life's story. In the meantime the rescuer had not fared so well as the

rescued. Like a broken reed he stood apart, all silent and alone with his dripping garments clinging like cerements to his quaking bones, until an old lady approached him and extending her hand said, 'he looked like he was wet and needed a stimulant.'

"And then these dear, good old ladies brought him brandy from their summer's stock and not lacking in courtesy and appreciation he took their offerings freely until the stars looked like moons and the weight of woe was lifted from his heart.

"The stage ride in the early morning was indeed a lonely one and finished my summer's outing. The writer of this story relates it as it was told to him. Personally he knew this beautiful Kentucky girl. She is still living in the State she loves so well, and like 'Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, boasts of three fine sons, all of whom are enlisted and serving in the navy of her country. As to my dear old tramping friend, he left me years ago, and locked in his breast he alone carried the secret, no one else will ever know.

"Did he rock the boat or was it an accident?"

TWO BRAVE MEN—

LIEUT.-GEN. Leonidas Polk was most democratic in his character, dramatic in his manner, a wonderful orator and a Chesterfield in his deportment. When Episcopal Bishop of the State of Louisiana, he advised his people that on a certain Sunday he wished to deliver to them a special address in New Orleans without any intimation of its character or the purpose for which it was intended. In the course of his remarks, clothed in the vestments of his order, at the height of his wondrous flow of language, he exclaimed: "All my life I have served my God and preached to you and others the gospel of His Holy Son. I now leave my work to another and bid you farewell. I go to the war, as my duty calls me, to fight for what I believe is right and to serve both God and my country," and taking his clerical robe from about him, laid it upon his pulpit and left for the front.

A few months afterward he was made a Lieutenant-General, and shortly after this was killed in Georgia by a cannon shot. The tribute to duty had been paid, and the offering of himself to his country consummated. Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk and President James K. Polk were first cousins and Gen. Lucius E. Polk was a nephew of the former. He was the first Confederate Brigadier after the war to be pardoned by Andrew Johnson, to swear allegiance to his country, to go back to work and endeavor to rehabilitate his fortunes.

He had been a planter and his home was near Columbia, Tenn., in Maury county, a grant to his family in colonial times, through one of the Georges. On his return he could find nothing left but the overseer's house and a few cabins in the negro quarter. Nothing daunted, a wife and children to provide for, with that American spirit so characteristic of all brave people, he gathered some hundred or more negroes about him and began working and planting his grass-grown and neglected fields.

I was then about fourteen years of age and it was my good fortune to be asked to come down to the old place, bring my gun with me and

shoot quail, which were in great abundance, as they had not been disturbed to any extent during the war. Breech-loaders were an unknown quantity in those days and my hunting outfit was my dog, a double-barreled shot gun, with powder flask and shot pouch, old newspaper for wadding and percussion caps in my vest pocket.

One beautiful moonlight night after supper, my uncle Lucius turned to me and said: "Young man, I want that gun of yours. I have just gotten word that the Klu Klux are coming to my place tonight to whip one of my negroes, who has been misbehaving in the neighborhood, and I am determined that they shall not do so, as I am able to manage my own affairs without assistance."

I brought him my gun; quietly he loaded both barrels with buckshot and started alone from the house. He was a man who seldom spoke unless questioned, commanding in figure, black, piercing eyes. He limped slightly from a grapeshot wound, left him as a sad memento of a vain and fruitless struggle. Although he did not tell me, I knew where he was going and, overtaking him, I begged that I

might go with him. He looked at me for a while, seemed to hesitate, then put his hand on my shoulder and, turning away, said, "Come, my boy, if you care to." About a mile away from the negro quarter, by the side of the winding and narrow road leading to it, we stationed ourselves in the high weeds and awaited the coming of the "white-faced men on horseback."

Hardly a word was spoken between us for an hour or more, occasionally a song from the negro quarter, the tinkling of a sheep bell in the distance or the light from the cabin window of some belated worker was the only lack of evidence of a world fast gone to sleep. And then, another hour passed and it seemed our vigil would prove vain, and then—I could hear them coming with the seemingly muffled tread of their horses, these silent riders of the night.

They rode four abreast and looked as though an hundred. As they came near our hiding place, my uncle stepped from the weeds into the road and hurriedly said, as the cavalcade halted and ranged across it: "Wait a moment, gentlemen. I know your mission tonight and I beg you to turn back and leave me to manage

my place and my people. Some of you are my neighbors; some my friends. All of you served, like myself, in our lost cause. You are actuated by what you consider a sense of duty and a preservation of order, but no help is needed here and you must leave me alone.

"I am positive in this matter, and I am as you know a man of few words, but I do assure you that if you insist upon coming further, it will be only across my dead body."

In whispers they conferred together, while the one man against an hundred stood alone in the road waiting for the verdict. In the moonlight they figured on a brave man's life and then the leader rode from within the group and said to my uncle: "General, you are a brave man and your life is needed in this community." Then, joining his fellow riders, they turned about and "rode" through the remaining silent hours of the night.

THE WORLD IS TRULY SMALL—

WHEN my oldest son, Russell, was about two years old, my wife and I decided to spend the summer at Bersheba Springs, Tenn., in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains. My parents had been frequent guests at this celebrated resort, in its early days, and we were anxious to see and visit it.

The scenery in the Cumberland Mountains is most beautiful, especially in the late summer when the rhododendron is in bloom and the laurel is at its best.

We were making the journey to the springs by coach, the transportation facilities in those days being poor and meager.

Arriving at Mont Eagle, Tenn., about dusk, we made arrangements to spend the night. Shortly after dinner Russell was taken very ill. I made inquiries for a doctor and was told there were none in the place, and it looked as

though we would lose our boy without anyone to help us.

A native told me there was an old doctor who spent his summers farther up in the mountains, but he had always persistently declined to make sick calls in the neighborhood. I finally persuaded the hotel man to go and see the old gentleman and tell him that a young couple from Louisville, Ky., with a very sick child was at the hotel, and implore him to come and render some medical aid.

The doctor was persuaded to do so, and after an examination produced from his saddle bags an immense bottle of calomel, and poured on a piece of newspaper, which he tore from a table, what seemed to me a sufficient dose for the State of Tennessee. I said to him that we had never given our baby any medicine and I thought the dose too large. He was a crusty old fellow. He glared at me, and proceeded to pour the calomel back into the bottle and leave the room without prescribing for the sick child. I backed up against the door and told him that before he left the room he must prescribe for my baby or that he would never leave it alive. He laughed at my threat, but my wife's plead-

ings with the obstinate and refractory old gentleman, as we stood glaring at each other, finally wilted him, and he gave the child a small dose of calomel, very much smaller than the original one.

In the morning the little fellow was much better, the fever having been broken, and we were ready to resume our journey to the springs.

The proprietor of the hotel came to me and said the doctor was in the office, and learning my name, wished to speak to me. I greeted him with a pleasant smile, told him that the baby was better, asked for my bill, and thanked him for his services.

He looked at me for a moment and then shouted, "Young man, I wish you to understand that I am no horse doctor. If it had not been for me, you would not be living today."

He stated that when I was a small child, living in Nasville, while suffering from scarlet fever and my doctors had given me up, he was called in. He had sat and slept by my bedside for thirteen days and nights, until I was out of danger. "And now, sir, do you think I know my business? I am Dr. _____, of the

United States of America, sir! And I want you to know it!"

I apologized deeply, thanked him humbly, the old fellow smiled, so we shook hands and parted.

We passed his summer residence on our way to Bersheba, where he had selected a most beautiful spot. It was built on one of the highest peaks in the Cumberland range, and looking down you could see the blue mountain tops with only spaces of air between them and his charming home. An inaccessible tangle of laurel and rhododendron clothed the rough and precipitous walls of his mountain palace. In all it was one of the most charming spots I have ever seen.

As we drove along, I thanked God for the old doctor's timely arrival at the hotel, that had saved the life of our first born, and mused what a very small world it was after all.

A THRICE TOLD TALE

IT had been a great summer at the "Old White" and the "Season" was fast drawing to a close. Virginia and the South "had gathered there her beauty and chivalry, and bright the lamps shone by night over fair women and brave men," as they promenaded about the porches or danced in the ball room and the parlors.

Throughout the day could be heard the joyous laughter of sweet girls in their teens and young men in their twenties. Music with its wondrous swell arose at intervals from the parlors, when with piano accompaniment some trained voice, touched with divinest power, lent its sweetness to the mountain air.

Picnics and tennis matches "raged" upon the lawn, and raged on, only stopping for the moment to watch some passing cavalcade of riders bound for an hour's jaunt in the mountains, as a tonic for the evening's ball.

The "Tennis Match" was over and the Westerner had lost. Without comment, as much

from intention as habit, quietly the little gathering took the path that led to the place where mint, sugar and bourbon smelled most enticing, and the pounding of ice led to suggestive combination.

"Well, my friends," said the loser, "the war of the roses is about over, and tonight at our meeting we must decide the 'Belledom' of White Sulphur for the year, between two beautiful and charming women. I shall use what influence I may have with you for natural and not artificial beauty. The coloring on the cheeks of the lady from my western country was born there, on yours from the South it is paid for."

A young Virginian resented like a flash the charge, and a wager was made to be decided by the group as this Southern belle that night should enter the ball room on the arm of her escort. At the appointed hour, in her regal and glorious beauty, this Virginia girl, the lights shining fully upon her face, approached the ball room door, with her judges ranged about it, and bowed graciously to them all, as her accuser, forgetting himself for the moment, in intensest interest exclaimed,

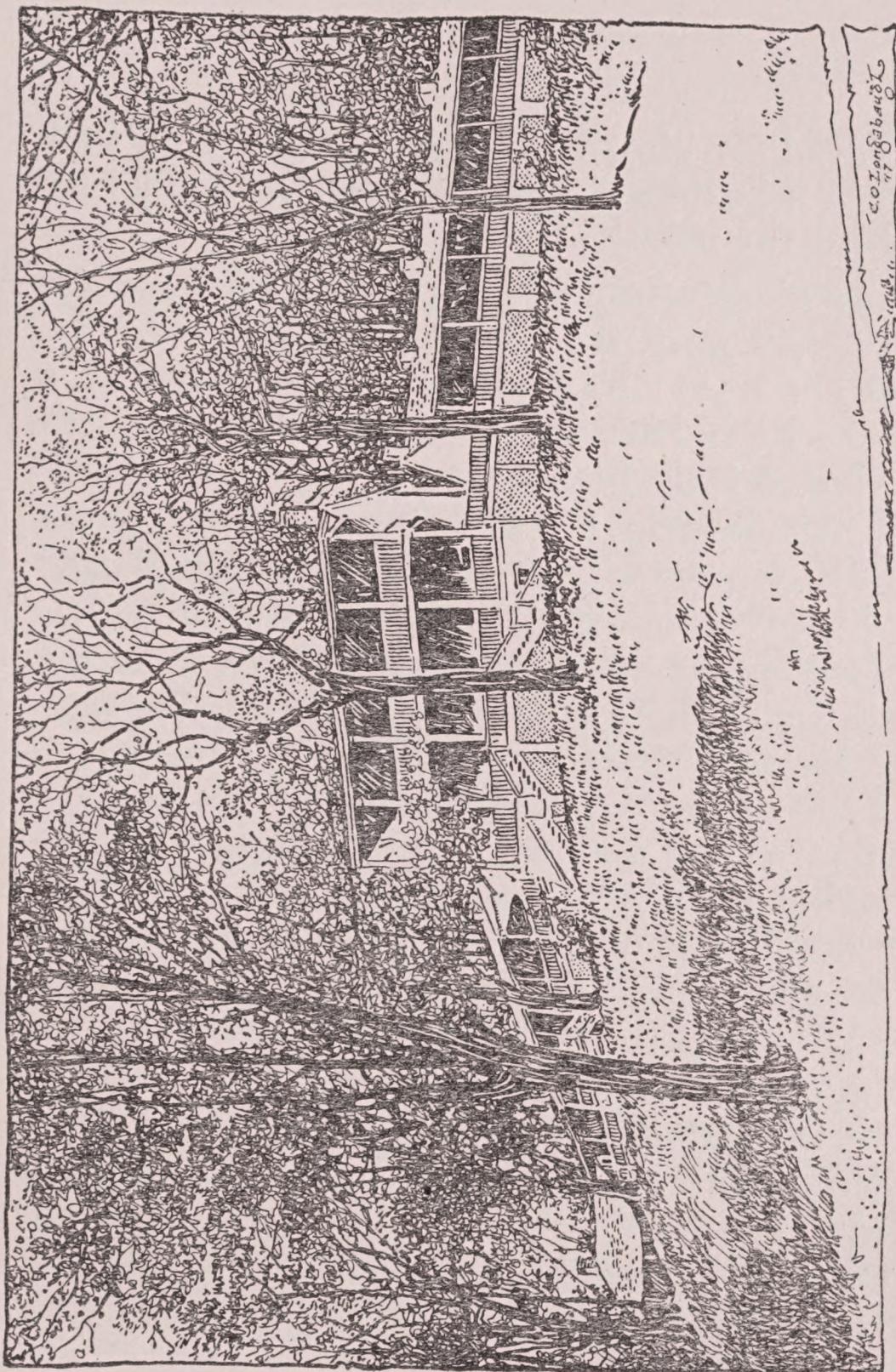
"Painted, by God!"

She, with the loveliness that enshrined her and the grace that became her, hearing, stopped, bowed in acknowledgment and said, "Thank you, sir; painted by God is right, sir," and passing on joined the dancers.

Just so quickly, he who had misjudged her, noting the loveliness of her complexion, the truthfulness in her eyes, turned to the group, and said in anger and disappointment,

"Gentlemen, the matter is closed, no expression is needed from you. I lose the bet," and drawing from his pocket the wager of the morning, dashed it into the face of his Southern friend who had defended her. There was no parade about it. It was to be done so quietly that only the selected few would know. No apology could be made, a deadly insult had been inflicted and the offense was without pardon. They were to meet at sunrise at the foot of the mountain, on the edge of the little valley below historic "Lover's Leap."

It was to be fought to a finish or as long as both contestants were upon their feet. At the first discharge of their weapons this fine young fellow from the West fell badly wounded and we hurried him to a farm house close by, where



The President's House
Overlooking valley where duel was fought

Colonial Williamsburg

we cared for him, and on the night's train took him to a hospital in Washington, where he remained for months before recovering.

The whole affair was closely kept for several years and only those who had witnessed the duel knew that he had not been injured in a runaway accident, as was supposed. There was no chosen belle that year at the "Old White" and the laurels were divided among many beautiful women. After all, probably it was the happiest solution to a disputed question.

Many years after I met this same Western gentleman, whom I had known as a young college man at the University of Virginia. He was one of the Supreme Judges of his State, a man of charm and versatility. Naturally our thoughts and conversation reverted to that earlier summer of our lives in the Virginia Mountains, and I recall so well his saying:

"After a long practice at the bar, and presiding as a judge upon the bench, and many other individual experiences through life, and among them the one at the 'Old White,' I have lived to believe that the word of a good woman is more to be depended upon than that of the opposite sex.

I AM IN MOURNING TODAY FOR AN OLD FRIEND I KNOW

I KNOW our friendship began when we were boys. One day the "bully of the school" pulled a young girl's hair and my boy friend slapped him in the face and knocked him down. The teacher saw it, and cruelly he "strapped" my friend, but the boy never whimpered nor did he shed a tear.

That country grammar school was made up of a fine set of girls and boys; even the bully was a good fellow, in his way. He just loved to worry somebody and used to say that he couldn't help it. He would hit you in the back of the head when you were not looking with a spit ball and then swear he "hadn't throwed it."

He could "set a pin" in the bottom of your chair so it would catch you in the right place every time, and could "shoot shot" between his fingers across the school room with deadly precision. The house dog ran for the barn

when he saw him coming and the cat for the woodpile when the front gate banged. Yet at lunch time he would divide his apple with you, and when a watermelon patch was raided he took the smallest melon always.

Every time the teacher struck my friend with that leather strap, for he was "hitting hard," the blood in the veins of "us boys" ran hot, and then hotter, and after it had reached a superlative stage, with common impulse, in a body, we rushed that teacher, and what we did to him "was a plenty." In the melee my head was badly cut, for the teacher "got me" in the on-rush with a chair. It was here my friend was made, and my life's friendship began.

With his pocket handkerchief he bound my bleeding and aching head, and being larger and much stronger than I, carried me tenderly as he would have done a woman, to my home. After that we used to hunt together, own our dogs together. On the commons we played ball together; he was the pitcher, and I the catcher. At college we were on the same team, and it seemed fated, happily fated, that as a pair we worked in most things, even in our classes, well together.

There was no rivalry between us, no jealousies of any kind. I felt him superior to myself, and I looked up to him. He was my pal, my trusted pal, and I loved him as I would my dearest brother. I honored him and I believed in him. Damon could have been no closer to Pythias than I was to him.

In the vacation seasons he visited me at my father's country place, and in return I would go to Lexington, Ky., where the family, his sisters and brothers, made the "welkin ring" and the halls of his old homestead reverberated with laughter and joyousness at our home-coming. Then a good woman came along, two good women, and we both were happily married.

We four traveled the world together and our wives were friends and harmonized. Many years have passed since then, and many changes have come with them, children and grandchildren dominate the ancestral halls of the old homestead at Lexington, and the commanding voice of my cherished and dearest friend is no longer heard, for only yesterday I received a telegram saying that he had "left me," and this is why "I am in mourning today for an old friend I know."

WOULD YOU HAVE LIED

HE WAS one of the "bunch." We all liked him. He was as full of devilment as he was of sterling qualities. Life was a laugh to him. He would shed his clothes for you, if you were his pal, and smile while he shivered.

If there was any fun in you his pranks brought it out. He was a born clown and at our boys' circus he was the "whole show." He could "skin the cat" on the horizontal bar until you grew dizzy watching him, and turn a somersault in the air from a standing start.

The old family carriage mare he could ride bareback, and the tricks he could do, when her broad back was padded, as she cantered around the ring, would have astounded Barnum. At marble time he and I always were partners. Why he selected me over the others I never knew, probably because I was good natured like himself and bragged about his being my partner.

At "Cincinnati" five times out of six he would "plump the head man from taw" and then "skin the ring." At "Boston" from any side of the round ring he would "hit his man" and then "clean up." At the end of "top time" it took a wheelbarrow to carry his tops to the ash pile, for he owned all in the "bunch" and those he could not give away were either relegated to that burial pile of alluvium and waste, or sought the gutters of the alley.

With a gum shooter he could hit a pigeon with a buckshot on the roof of the neighborhood church, or break a gas lamp half a block away. With a sling a hundred yards or more he was more deadly than David, and Goliath "wouldn't have been in it" with him, had he lived in those days, and they had ever "come together" in a rock fight.

He would have "knocked his block off" instead of plugging him between the eyes. He was always our Captain, when every year, we fought the tough Capital Hill crowd with everything but guns, and when he would "swing his sling" we'd stop fighting to see what he'd hit.

One day at the Public School the teacher left the room and made him Monitor over "the

bunch" and on his slate told him to write the names of those who misbehaved in his absence. I presumed too far upon our friendship and my friend's sense of honor, and danced a jig in the middle of the floor for the delectation of the others. He reported me; the teacher strapped me, and then of course there had to be a fight although we had been the best of freinds. It was to have been after school, but it happened before the appointed hour.

Our school room was on the third floor and we met at the top of the stairway, he coming up, I going down, and like two wild animals we leaped for each other, and clinched, rolled to the bottom of the stairs, pommelling and fighting as we went down. In the fight I got a couple of bronzed and blackened eyes, a variety of knots and bumps and he lost half a head of hair. All that saved me from further punishment in the course of the downward journey, was the prompt arrival of the teacher with the boys behind him. They thought the roof of the old building was "coming in."

When the mistake was discovered, in spite of my bruises I got another licking. I always thought that teacher didn't like me. After that,

the feud was patched up and Robert Randall and I became better friends than ever before.

Soon school days were over and we were sent to college, I to Virginia, he to Yale, and when vacation time came we did not see as much of each other as we had done when boys. It had become the fashion to go away in the hot summer months, to close our Nashville city homes, to leave them in the keeping and the care of servants, and every one who could went away to the country, the mountains or the seashore.

Each year that Randall came back I noted changes in him. He became more dignified, more indisposed to talk, and he began to lose his taste for outdoor sports. He however was fond of hunting and he kept a fine kennel of pointer and setter dogs. He dressed in the latest fashions and his clothes were made by the best tailors in New York. Of course he was rich, tall and of gentlemanly bearing, handsome and polished in manners. There was one weakness, if you care to call it such, that dominated his life. Every pretty face he saw he raved over. Every beautiful woman he met he fell in love with. Every home in Nashville was thrown

open to him and most mothers considered him a great catch for their eligible daughters.

Three years after leaving Yale, Randall's father died in a few hours, from the bursting of a blood vessel. He was known to be both choleric and irascible, and had few friends. He considered himself better than his neighbors, and was seldom seen outside the beautiful gardens of his home, in which he greatly prided himself. Some months after her husband's death Randall's mother died, and he became the sole heir to their large estates, as he was the only child.

Randall became known as an aristocrat. He prided himself on his family, his lineage, and in his four years from home, he had altogether lost that democratic spirit that had so characterized his boyhood. He began to live more to himself, grew more and more reserved, and gave up many of his old friends. He stopped going into society as he had been so accustomed to do, became almost a recluse. He seemed to be always out when you called. In fact, he saw no one other than myself. For me he seemed to retain his old affection. He would absent himself from his old home for weeks at a time and

on his return would tell no one where he had been.

It grieved me deeply to see this, for I had an affection, a strong affection for this man. I could not understand his long and frequent absences. We had undergone as boys many trials together. We had fought together, fought for one another and fought each other, and I knew him in his friendship for me to be as true as steel, and as far as my knowledge went adamant in the higher virtues and obligations of life. Even when we were boys, among us all it was said, that if Bob Randall ever gave you his word, he was never known to break it.

Ostensibly, or as far as I, or any of his friends knew, he lived in his father's home, to which he had fallen heir. It had been in his family for several generations. It was a grand old place, surrounded by a high brick fence. In the middle of the grounds stood the house, with a wonderful and well kept flower garden almost encircling it. Fountains played from the midst of the rose bushes, and rustic benches lined the walks. It was a beautiful rest spot, an ornament to a city; but there seemed

no one there to enjoy it other than the humming birds and the gold fish.

Randall's father was artistic in his taste, and paintings from Bougereau and the more modern masters hung upon the walls of his gallery. The whole house was furnished lavishly, and in the best of taste. An old colored mammy looked after her young master's wants. I think she had nursed him when a baby. A butler, long in his father's service, was the chief custodian of the place and its valuable possessions. I sometimes thought he could account for the change that had come to my friend. Yet, if there was a skeleton living in Randall's heart, while he might know it, the threat of death could not make him divulge it.

* * * * *

One night as we sat smoking in the library, the door bell rang and the butler answering it came hurrying back with a large beautiful and unopened basket. He found it, as he said, on the pavement below the doorstep. Randall with a smile, lifted up the top, and in a moment his face turned pale as death. I did not understand then, I do now. He had recognized his own child.

Pinned to the embroidered coverlet was a note, which hastily reading, impulsively he passed to me, and as I read its contents I thought of the wail of the Banshee foretelling the death of some loved and dear one.

“I send you our child and I bid you a long farewell. May God forgive me, as I have forgiven you. You will find my body at the foot of the Old Ferry Landing. Lovingly, Louise.”

Randall grabbed his hat as he passed the hall rack without further noticing the beautiful baby child and I followed. It seemed we ran all the way to the river, to the place described, and as we neared it, a policeman came running towards us, exclaiming that a woman had just drowned herself by jumping into the river from the Old Ferry Landing. Like a madman Randall seized him by the throat, and as he exclaimed: “My God, why did you not stop her!” he struck him in the face, and he fell as though he had been hit by a catapult.

The next morning we found the body. Without a word of explanation on his part, without a word of inquiry on mine, jointly we looked after and attended to all the obsequies, and the

body was interred in the family lot of the Randsalls. Some day, I knew he would tell me all. I would have died before I would have asked him to do so, without his volunteering it.

The papers scarcely commented upon the suicide—they seldom do—and our identity was only known to the few whose help we needed. Randall after this seemed bowed in deepest sorrow; nothing could arouse him. He took interest in no one. The beautiful baby girl he provided with the best of nurses, and named her Louise Randall. He seemed fond of her, and she was the only thing in life, with her dimpled cheeks and her big brown eyes, that could bring a smile to his haggard face.

* * * * *

Years passed, and with them came changes, many changes. Randall had become a perfect recluse. He seemed to live solely for Louise. He wanted no other society. However, to a degree we kept up our friendship. I saw him at intervals. When I remained away too long he would send for me. I felt as if he had something he wanted to tell me, but for some reason would not. Louise was growing into a beautiful woman and had just returned from a Philadel-

phia school for her vacation. In another year she would graduate and then we three were going for a trip around the world.

Often at night in the early days of June, before it became too hot to go to Randall's summer home in the Cumberland Mountains, while we sat upon the porch overlooking the beautiful flower garden, with its fountains "playing to the moonlight," Louise would sing to us, and it seemed as though Heaven had opened; that the angels had folded their wings and were standing still, that they might listen to her voice, and send back in chorus its sweet refrain.

One night as she sang "My forsaken Mother" for the first time, the music of which was well adapted to her beautiful voice, I saw Randall's head drop upon his breast. Louise and I both rushed to him in alarm, and it was some time before we could arouse him, and then he awoke as from a deep dream and his faculties were stunned and seemed dead.

I thought I saw a longing and wondering look in Louise's eyes, that sank deep into my heart. Could she have guessed anything? Could she have heard anything from gossip mongers in



Louise

all these years? She knew that she was called Randall's adopted daughter and she asked no questions.

When vacation was over Louise went to Philadelphia to complete her last year's schooling, and after she had gone, to both Randall and myself, the old home lost its charm. The fall came rapidly, the leaves fell from the trees, the flowers in the garden were wilted and dead, and the melancholy days "The saddest of the year" were at hand. Christmas, however, would soon come, and Louise was to return for the holidays. So we looked forward to her home-coming, like a starving man does for food, a thirsty one for water. We had planned to spend our Christmas holidays at the summer home in the mountains, and Randall wished first to go to open up the house and make all needed arrangements, as it was generally closed during the winter months.

How "man proposes and God disposes!" Is it fated and are the plans for our going and coming prearranged? As we chatted and watched the flames shoot up the chimney from the great log fire, someone knocked at the door. It was one of the men about the place, and he

told us that close by the house some wild turkeys were in the habit of roosting in the trees every night, and if we cared to go in the early morning he would show us the place.

There was nothing else to do. Fortunately, we did not have far to go. Or, was the setting already fixed and it mattered not? So, long before daylight, we went to the roost with our guide and secreting ourselves as best we could, waited for the coming of the gray dawn and the passing of the night.

Just before the break of day, to improve his position and get a little closer to the trees where we knew the turkeys were roosting, Randall reached for his loaded gun, lying upon the ground by his side, and catching it by the muzzle, foolinshly drew it towards him, when the hammer of one of the barrels caught some obstruction near the ground discharging the gun, its full load of shot taking effect in Randall's left arm, tearing the flesh horribly between the elbow and the shoulder.

We hurried him rapidly to the house, staying the blood as best we could until a country doctor, who lived close by Randall's home, came to our assistance. From the station I tele-

graphed to Nashville for other doctors and nurses, who on a special train arrived late that afternoon.

At that time Randall seemed quite cheerful. He did not think of himself. He only feared it might interfere with Louise's Christmas in the mountains, that we all had so looked forward to and planned for. Later in the night he became much worse. A high fever seized him and at times he was delirious. The doctors seemed much worried and never left him for a moment. It seemed they feared blood poisoning, as the wound at first had not been properly treated and cared for.

The third day Randall grew much worse and suffered from terrible exhaustion, and in great alarm I wired for Louise to come. In his delirium he constantly asked for Louise. His sane moments were further apart.

On the morning of the fourth day he recognized me and with difficulty he turned from his wounded shoulder and reaching out with his good hand, he seized mine.

"Old friend!" he said, "we were partners when we were boys, we are partners now, and I know we will be partners hereafter. We have

always trusted each other, and I do not believe a lie has ever passed between us. I believe in you with all the vigor of my soul, with all the love that's in my heart, and I want to ask you a question. I know you will tell me the truth—*Am I going to die?* If I am, there is something I have kept from you all these years I must tell you. If I am not, I will tell you when I get well, for I must tell you, I must tell you—I can keep it no longer."

Blood poisoning in deadly form had indicated itself, and the doctors had already told me that he could not live; yet I could not tell him that he had to die. I had hoped before in my life, almost against hope, and won out. I knew how fallible the doctors were. They did not know his rugged nature as I did, his determination, his set purpose. Death in itself had no terrors to him. It has to few of us, when its heavy breath begins to touch us. No deathbed repentance was needed. If Randall had made mistakes, he was human and his life was his vindication, and God is merciful, broad, liberal and divine.

I knew how he wanted to live. I knew how Louise needed him, how she worshiped him, how

he was the light that guided her and how her very life he seemed. Again I knew how impressionable he was, how he believed in me. If I told him he had to die he would abandon the struggle to live, I wished him to maintain. If I told him the truth, he would unburden his soul's secret to me—and in doing so I dreaded that he might tell me that Louise was born defamed—and then again I longed to have him set her aright in the eyes of the world, and tell me that she was his child born in lawful wedlock. The secret would live or die with him. He was the only one who knew. The chance of saving a man's life, against the fact of knowing whether a woman was born legally or defamed. Loving both, what should I do?—What should I do?

Like lightning, the thought flashed through my mind, should he defame Louise, who would shield her when he was dead; to whom could she turn. Who would defend her against a fault for which she was not to blame, a curse the damning world would put upon her?

And in my heart I answered the question; I realized that I loved her. I had not dared confess it to myself. I knew my life, my honored name was hers, now and always, should she

care to have it, to the death should she need it; and then, and then, Hell whispered in my ear: "Tell him the truth; you know her mother's tragic end; it's your only chance, your opportunity if you love her. Let him know he has to die; let him defame her; you can shield her with your name and deep devotion. What chance have you to win her with your years? She has youth and beauty; from you old age is only a few steps removed."

And then just so quickly my "Better Self" came to the rescue and pushed this selfish, impassioned thought of Hell aside and again I wanted Randall, my life-long friend, the father of the woman I loved, to live; to tell me that she was his child not defamed, but his child born in lawful wedlock.

For some time he held my hand gently, and then his grip grew tighter and his eyes blazed into mine and he asked again: "Did you hear me, why don't you answer? Am I going to die?" And *I lied to him and he believed me.*

He threw his head back upon the pillow and fell asleep, and that night my old, my high-born, my cherished friend "left me"—"left me" with faith in his heart that I had never

lied to him, "left me" with his burdened soul. But God knows 'tis "human to err, divine to forgive." What else is needed? Isn't that enough? "Let him who is without sin be the first to cast a stone.

* * * * *

About three weeks after Randall's death Louise sent for me to come to the house. In going through his papers we found in his safe, in a sealed apartment, seemingly made for the purpose, a large envelope, and in it three small envelopes, all addressed to Louise. In the first and top one was this paper in Randall's handwriting, which read as follows:

"My dear Child: I have done wrong. I ask no favors, no mercy of anyone except yourself, no mercy unless you see fit to forgive the sin I have committed against your mother and yourself.

"My effort to do all within my power, all that I could, to give you every joy and comfort that life affords, and all the affection that a father's heart can bear for his beloved and unfairly treated child, may to some extent condone the obloquy that I have put upon you.

If you cannot forgive me when first you read this confession of my soul, think and think again, look deep into your heart and remember that I am your own blood, your own father; that I am a Randall, that Christ forgave even those who had condemned and harmed him, and in His last moments prayed—"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

"One night when returning home while flushed with wine I met your mother. She was on her way from church. She was beautiful with her "Madonna-like face" and was a nurse girl for the children of a neighbor. I knew her family by reputation. She was good and poor, I was rich and proud. But she had a wondrous face and I felt sure I loved her. I had told her so before. So meeting her this night, I begged her to marry me, and while reluctant, still she consented and together we procured a license and that night we were married.

"The next day I went to my father, proud old aristocrat that he was, and told him what I had done. In uncontrolled

anger he burst a blood-vessel and before dying appealed to me as the last of the Randalls, as his only son, to swear to him, that while I lived I would never tell what I had done, never bring my wife to the old home, and never publicly or privately acknowledge my marriage to a domestic and the servant of a neighbor.

“His dominant nature bore upon me, and with the feeling that I was responsible for his death, I swore by the honor of the Randalls that I would keep my marriage unknown to the world while I lived. He was satisfied, and with his dying lips he thanked me.

“I immediately established a separate home and there quietly lived with my wife, occasionally coming to the old place to see my mother, who never guessed why my absences were so protracted and close together. In the meantime you were born and then my mother died, and I began to spend more time alone and to go more frequently to the old homestead.

“I began to neglect your mother, to feel that our marriage had been a mistake. The

thought that I had killed my father, whom I dearly loved, by marrying, preyed upon my mind, so I became antagonistic to the mother of my own child. Some influence, unknown, unseen, was dominating me. Your mother would often beg me to publish to the world, not for her sake, but for yours, the fact of our lawful marriage, but "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," so I would promise and then not do it. Each time I arranged to announce it, my father's ghost seemed to rise up before me and I could hear his dying words—'Remember you are a Randall and they keep their oaths.

"If I had not been a Randall I would have been less of a moral coward, and would have defied my father for the woman I had made my wife, and my life might have been a different and a happier one. But I was a Randall. I could not get away from that fact, and it was false honor that bound me to discredit your mother and my child.

"Finally things grew worse and we became very unhappy. Your mother threat-

ened to take her life. God knows I did not believe she would do so, but she kept her word, and one dark night, after she had left you, our child, upon the doorstep of the homestead, she sought the river and it swallowed her up.

“You have been called my unlawful daughter, but you are my lawful, legal child, the offspring of a mistaken marriage, made in love, honorable in the sight of God. That it was not a happy one was my own fault and I have paid the penalty. The price has been everything that’s dear in life, with the exception of your love, and I leave you, believing that despite all, you will not take that from me.

“Again, I ask you to forgive, and not forget me, and from my heart I beg you, when you read this confession, to bear in mind that it comes from a man overwhelmed with sorrow, whose only comfort is in the thought of your forgiveness and that even though his “sins be as scarlet, they may be washed as white as snow.”

In the second envelope we found the license showing Randall’s marriage to Louise’s moth-

er, and in the last his will, making his daughter the sole heir to his estate.

* * * * * * * *

The kaleidoscopic changes that come to us are numerous and far-reaching. They apply to localities, mental states, the loves and sorrows of the human heart, and often only cover short spaces of time. The locality in which we were born and was our home yesterday, today seems a dream of long ago.

Like birds, in many respects, we build our nests, move and migrate, go and return. If their wings will bear them, they come back; it is their habit, they were taught to do so; or are they more constant in their local affections than ourselves? Unlike them, sometimes we never care to return, because of some sad memory or changed condition. In shorter moments the thought you deemed established and considered immutable passes, and is succeeded by another altogether at variance.

New friends take the place of the old, and while today the heart strings may seem strained and broken, tomorrow the tension will have gone and with the dawn of another day, we are like one born again, living in changed localities,

having different thoughts and loving different people. Such is the common story of human life.

* * * * *

So, in a little while, Louise wanted to close up the old home, to travel, to leave Nashville, but I feared should she do so, she might never return. Her friends were few—in fact she had none in her father's home, as since her babyhood she had been the gossip of the place and without her knowledge, had been avoided. On her vacations her time had always been taken up by her father and by myself. She seemed always happiest when with us, and cared little for the society of others.

I did not want her to leave home, first for herself, as I wanted her to meet the people who so long had been discussing her, to have them see her in her charm and beauty, to know her as Randall's lawful daughter, and then again I did not want her to go because I loved her, and I could not bear the thought of her going away. Under Randall's will I had been made her trustee and adviser, and as the estate was a large one I had to see her often to ascertain her views on matters concerning the various

investments that were necessary to make. So she deferred her going, and about a year after this conclusion, through the persuasions of a dear old aunt of Randall's who had come to live with her since his death, and the earnest pleadings of myself, she began to go out to small functions and in that way met many charming young people.

Several months after this Louise made her formal debut in society and in a short time became the most admired and popular young woman in Nashville. She was beautiful, fascinating, educated, rich and sensible, considerate of the old, and lovely to the young. Everybody loved her. Even the shop girls in the stores dropped their other customers to wait on her. She was unselfish and Heaven's smile lived upon her face and advertised her soul. For her years she was older in her views and tastes than most of her young friends. In knowledge and general information she far surpassed them, as her life outside of her school days had been spent mostly with those older than herself.

The summer after her debut she went to White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and was chosen the season's Belle from among the

many beautiful women of the South gathered there. The following winter in New Orleans she was made Queen of the wonderful ball given by the Mystic Crewe, considered the greatest honor that can be bestowed upon a charming and beautiful woman. All the social successes; all the admiration; all the love that came to her, she seemed unconscious of, and in no way did it change her nature or affect the in-dwelling goodness and purity of her heart.

Of course she had not only admirers, but lovers, and many of them. Among the most pressing in his suit, although Louise never spoke of him to me, was Will Carlton, a handsome, debonair, affable and courteous scion of one of Nashville's best families.

He stood high in his profession, was a lawyer, and had recently made much character for himself in the conduct of a conspicuous suit that had run the gamut of the courts, which he had won although opposed by the ablest lawyers in the State.

Shortly after meeting Carlton, she seemed changed in her manner to me; while she was kind and considerate, she was not the same as she had been. She grew more reserved and dis-

tant. I could not understand it. I would keep awake at night thinking of it. Although I needed the fees allowed me by the State in the management of her affairs, as I was poor, at times I thought I would resign, because of the change in Louise, which sank deep into my heart.

One day I met Carlton on the street, and after stopping me, gentleman and cavalier that he was, he said: "I am so glad to meet you today, I want to tell you that I love Miss Louise and I am going to ask her to be my wife. I trust you will not oppose me." I told him that I would not. What else could I do? I saw no fault in him, although I knew no one was good enough for the girl and woman I had loved so dearly all these years.

Of course I could understand why Carlton should love Louise, and shortly after our interview he became a most persistent wooer. He was gifted with a flow of language and in addition to his good looks he possessed qualities and instincts that in a man attract a woman. But how little we know of a woman's heart. In mute reasoning, seemingly, it questions, decides, determines, works alone, and when it

knows itself, all assaults against it fail; all threats are without avail, and only cruelty, time and death can change it, and often they weaken at its throne.

Some weeks after my meeting with Carlton matters of grave importance called me abroad and to consummate them required my absence for several months. Before going I had made up my mind to have a talk with Louise about Carlton. They appeared constantly together and it was the talk of the city that they were engaged and would shortly be married; and yet to me she had never mentioned his name.

I was deeply hurt and had determined to know the truth from her own lips; so one afternoon when word came that she wished to see me on a matter of vital importance, I dressed myself rapidly and hurried to the old homestead, thinking that at last she was going to tell me everything, and even though it would be hard to bear, still I wanted to know, and I felt that I ought to know before going away.

It was an afternoon in Indian Summer. How well I recall it! In answer to my ring, the old butler opened the door and on the hall table I placed my hat, and in the library, where we had

so often sat and whiled and read away the hours from childhood to womanhood, I waited for her coming.

The rays of the setting sun looked through the separated tapestried hangings and the lace curtains of the half opened windows, and as is always so at this beautiful season, quiet pervaded the very air, and all nature seemed in slumber and resting after its efforts to keep beautiful the glorious summer that had been so short and seemingly had slept itself away.

I could hear the rustle of her silk dress as she came down the stairs, and when she reached the door she stood there like one in a dream, a vision of loveliness. I rose to greet her and offered her my chair; as I did so I noticed that she seemed very nervous. In a little while she became more like herself, and after passing the commonplaces of the day, with that haste that always characterized me in matters where I should have been less precipitate, I asked her why she had not let me know of her engagement to Carlton, that it was the talk of Nashville, and that I seemed to be the only one who had not been told, and that based upon my regard and our life's friendship, I felt I had not been

treated fairly. Without a word of reply, she rose from her chair, held out her hand, which mechanically I took, and in seeming anger bade me goodbye, then left me standing, like one dazed, stunned and in a dream. I could hear her as she ascended the winding stairway. Each step she took was a step upon my heart, and the light of the world seemed gone out to me forever.

As I passed the hall table on my way out, where I had left my hat, lying by the side of it was an old book I well remembered, its leaves all torn and crumpled—"Tales of Childhood."

I wondered why I had not noticed it before. I felt sure it was not there when I came in, yet it might have been. How often Louise and I had read it together when she was a child. I could see her great brown eyes, as to every word I read she listened in wonderment. I could feel her tiny hand as I held it in the broad palm of my own. Mechanically I reached for the book and turning its crumpled leaves, between them I found this note, addressed to me. Like one dazed, in wonderment I read:

"Don't you know that you love me?
Don't you know that I love you? Why are
you so dull? Have I not known long ago

of the white lie you told my father, hoping thereby to save his life; of your lifetime devotion; the sense of duty to him that prompted you to lie, it mattered not what the sacrifice might have been to yourself?

But it is not for these things that I love you. It is because I have always loved you.

Must I ask you to take me as your wife? Must I show you again and again that I am yours with all the trust that's in my soul, with all the love that's in my heart? Louise."

Fate's wheel again had turned and at last I had found both peace and joy; that sweet peace that brings happiness to the home, where a good wife presides; for there love abides; that joy, that brings Heaven to earth and makes our sojourn here complete.

* * * * *

Before leaving for Europe Louise and I were quietly married, and upon our arrival, finding that my business would detain me longer than expected, we leased for the winter a most wonderful old place at Toulon, in the southern part of France, near the beautiful home of Robert Louis Stevenson, where he often said he spent the happiest days of his life. Our Chateau was

built upon a high hill with terraced gardens reaching to the pebbled beach of the Mediterranean. In the day time, when the sun grows warm, you can rest in the shade of the olive and orange trees that grow in the rose garden among and above the roses, and when the sea is at peace at night its moon-kissed waves as they wash the shore in sweet lullabies sing you to sleep.

When spring was not far away, beautiful as had been our year at Toulon, Louise and I began to long for the Old Homestead at Nashville. Both of us loved it. It was our real home, and Louise longed to be close to the final resting place of her father and mother, which she had cared for and looked after since her father's death, so we returned to America.

Soon the lovely summer would come, the beautiful June month, the loveliest of the year in the South, and together we could sit on the porch overlooking our rose garden; listen to the playing of the fountains, as every summer we had done since her childhood.

And in the evening, beneath the dome of Heaven we'd watch the stars come out, "and guess which would be our home when life and love become immortal."

A SOUTHERN BELLE

THE Black Belt of Tennessee ran through Maury County. It was considered the most fertile section of the State, and was called the Black Belt because of the color of its soil. It was most suited to raising cotton, and throughout its broad area were many plantations with mansions "lifting their marble towers to heaven."

Like feudal lords, here lived Tennessee's most prosperous planters, with their large families. In this respect, the Black Belt of Tennessee corresponded to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. In one cotton was king, in the other fine horses and cattle. In both beautiful women reigned as queens.

In one of the palaces of this wonderful cotton country there lived Colonel B——, his wife, daughter, and four sons. This daughter had inherited the beauty, the charm, the wit and the

winsome loveliness that was her due from a devoted mother.

In the South it is customary for a young woman at an early age to make her debut into society with what is called a "Coming-Out Ball" in the fall of the year, to be followed the following summer by a visit to White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

There the clans met, and fair women gather, while gallant beaux vie with each other for their hands and favors. Every cavalier is at his best, each woman looks her loveliest. Cotillions in the ballroom in the morning, cotillions in the ballroom at night; promenades about the porches, strolls, and horseback rides over the mountains in the intervals—a Romeo for every Juliet, a Montague for every Capulet.

Love-making and match-making seems in the very air, until the "sweet summer-time," like the moon, begins to wane, and then the fight begins. Who is to lead the Grand March at the Great Ball at the season's ending? Who is to be the Belle of the Year?

Then the clans again meet—the old, the young, men and women—belles of past decades, beaux of half a century. Every one voices an

opinion; an audible vote without a ballot, a consensus of unanimity, an atmosphere of accord, that selects some favored one who shall at the great and final cotillion lead the Grand March and wear the Crown of Belledom.

The summer of 1859 had been a wonderful season at White Sulphur, the greatest in many years. Beautiful women, not only from the South, but from the East and West were gathered there, with their friends, their admirers and their lovers.

Among them was Colonel B——, his wife and beautiful daughter. No father nor mother could have been prouder of their daughter than were they, not only for her intrinsic charm and loveliness, which everyone saw and recognized, but for the admiration she incited and the followers in her train.

Colonel B—— was choleric in his disposition, positive in his conclusions, irascible when crossed, and imbued with the old English idea that all matches for his sons and daughter were matters that rested with himself alone. “The Heavenly idea” he scoffed at, affection was a matter of cultivation; it developed from proper selection and association. Young heads and

hearts needed a wiser direction than they possessed to choose their life's partners.

His beautiful daughter, when this subject was discussed, remained silent, but she was as positive as she was beautiful. Such women choose for themselves, and but once, when they marry. Where the heart prompts and the judgment approves, their selection is for all time, if love abides. Death nor Hell cannot separate or put them asunder, and eternity indissolubly binds and cements their souls—not with rods of steel, but with the strong arm of God.

Among the many lovers of his daughter was the recently appointed Ambassador to Russia. Most persistently he had sought her hand; had followed her to the Springs; had pictured the wonderful palace he had provided abroad, and over which he wished her as his bride to preside. Openly and avowededly he had proclaimed his suit.

He was handsome, intellectual, rich, commanding in appearance, possessing qualities that most women favorably regard. But all seemed without avail. No one could understand why she avoided him. Without hesitation he admitted that he was a rejected lover.

Only a woman can read her own heart, and sometimes she herself cannot, but she knows by a God-given grace, when she weighs her lovers in the balance, which touches strongest the cord that's attuned to Cupid's bow—which makes the heart beat quickest, which looks deepest into her soul.

It soon became known, not only at the Springs, but elsewhere, that the newly appointed Russian Ambassador had been refused by the Colonel's daughter; and, it coming to his ears, he sent for her, and after a stormy interview she told him that only her own heart and none other would govern her when it came to choosing the man whom she would marry.

Crossed in his wish to make this most desirable match, as he considered it; disappointed in his efforts to influence and prevail upon his daughter whom he loved with all his heart, obsessed with the false and mistaken idea that he should choose for his child rather than herself, in anger, against the protest of his wife, he bade her as a punishment for lack of obedience to his wishes to remain at his cottage for one week, to see no friends or callers, and to take no part in the festivities or dances at the hotel.

Should she accede to his wishes, the punishment was at an end; should she remain obdurate, it was to continue.

Imagine the situation, the trying situation; but this Southern Belle knew her own heart, and all the protests and punishments of a devoted father, born under an old regime, educated to a theory long relegated to the past, could prevail against her.

So with sweet patience, she sat in tears and at times smiled through them at a condition so distressing and unjust.

Before the Civil War, "Paradise Row" was considered a favored spot at White Sulphur Springs. It was most exclusive. The cottages on the row were early sought after by families, especially where there were older people among them who came for quiet and rest, as well as pleasure.

The President's cottage, often occupied by presidents of this country, was in this row, and the old pathway that led to Lover's Leap was close by. At the Old White this row is still preserved, and today in the cottages you will find modern baths, electric lights, and every comfort.

Paradise Row



Colonial Sketches

At the time of this story candles, lamps and lanterns gave the only light you had to dress by, and at night direct your steps to and from the great hotel. Now Colonel B——'s cottage was located in Paradise Row. It was two stories in height, with a large porch in front, and here day after day our heroine whiled away the hours, either reading or watching the strollers and the gay parties on their way to Lover's Leap, where upon the old trees, could be found the names of Southern belles and beaux carved there decades ago, and where they could climb upon the high rock on the mountain side and look down hundreds of feet into the depth of the precipice where, 'tis said, a beautiful White Sulphur Belle after a broken troth had, seeking surcease to sorrow, lept into eternity.

Now it happened, one beautiful afternoon, our unhappy Belle was left entirely alone at her father's cottage. So, laying aside the book she had been reading, without intending to disobey, but just for a little exercise, I am sure with no other intent, she took the path that led to Lover's Leap; and, arriving there, she found the place deserted; so ensconcing herself com-

fortably upon a huge boulder as a seat, she began to cry.

How it does seem that most things in life are destined! The same day, on the noon train over the mountains there had arrived at the Springs a young planter whose home was in Arkansas, Deering by name. He was a student at the University of Virginia, and most of the summer, while this great institution had been closed, he had remained at his college quarters, confining himself closely to the study of law.

Now Deering was poor; the trip and return to Arkansas was a long and expensive one. So instead of going home, he concluded to visit White Sulphur for two weeks as a rest to his tired and overtaxed brain and body. On the plantation that had been in his family for many generations he and his father lived alone, and there Governor Deering, for he had once been the Governor of his State, ruled—more by common accord and complimentary tolerance as a dethroned prince over his friends and neighbors—than by right of law.

Years before, shortly after the loss of his wife, he had become involved in a cotton speculation, and as its resultant effect, after paying

his debts through the sale of many slaves, there was left to him many hundreds of acres of rich land he found impossible to cultivate and utilize. Of course, he was a grumbler at a condition brought about through his own folly, so he was hardly a cheery companion for his young and ambitious son.

Deering, with his birth and breeding, was a gentleman. He was polished in his manners and address, tall and handsome; a student and an athlete. There was a real honesty about him that attracted you, and a snap in his eyes that indicated temper and quick decision. He looked like a man hard to know, but once known, a made friend to be depended upon. Such men women always admire.

So after being located at the hotel, Deering started for a stroll and instinctively, as we all do, he took the path to Lover's Leap, where he found, sitting upon her boulder, our beautiful Belle suffused in tears.

An inquiry into her distress, proffered help, if possible, and sympathy truly tendered, dispensed with an introduction. Human hearts, untouched before, respond to tears, and equilibriums undisturbed shatter at their flow.

So Deering was like all of us men, his heart was deeply listed; and though the tears soon ceased, the mystery of them remained and would not be unfolded.

Every day, without invitation, he took the same walk, and somewhere each day along the wooded road he chanced to meet this nymph of the mountains. It just seemed natural for both of them to walk at the same hour along the path each beautiful afternoon that led to Lover's Leap.

The Colonel in some disappointment began to notice that his daughter no longer protested and seemed to like the cottage better than the hotel. So before the week was over, growing repentent he declared the punishment had been enough and that he would insist no further upon her marriage.

Alas, alas! it was too late, for Cupid's quiver had lost two arrows and his bowstring in love's wild chase had not voiced a vainless mark. After this, Deering and the Colonel's daughter saw each other often. They rode and walked together over the mountains, and danced together. He was a beautiful dancer. He met everyone, both young and old. He always

showed the gentleman that was born in him, and his company was sought after by all the lovely women at the Springs. The men liked him. He made friends with everybody.

One night between dances while a gathering of gentlemen were laughing and chatting on the porch, a young planter from Mississippi slightly under the influence of wine, joined them, remarking as he did so, "Think of it, Miss B— of Tennessee has just refused to dance with me, the son of the richest planter in the South. However, I think I can survive it. She's only a flirt at best and not half so beautiful as she thinks." Deering stepped out from the gathering, caught him by the ear and boxed both his jaws.

Dazed and stunned from the blows, without a word the young man turned on his heel and walked away. Of course, every one expected a duel the next morning, but instead this young son of the rich planter went to his room, packed his belongings and left the hotel on the midnight train. The next day the affair got out and was the joke of the Springs, but in no way did it lessen Deering's popularity.

The Grand March and Ball were close at

hand and the Colonel's daughter had been selected the season's belle. She was to lead the march with Deering, he having been invited by her to do so. That night her engagement to him was announced and the following October they were married at the Colonel's beautiful home in Tennessee.

While Deering and his bride were on their wedding trip, the old Governor, his father, died and the young groom was called home to Arkansas to take charge of the plantation, which had been left him. A few years after this the Civil War began, and Deering took his young wife with his family back to her mother, to the old homestead, "Buena Vista," near Columbia, where they had been married, and he enlisted in the Confederate service.

As was the case so frequently during the war, the mother and daughter were left alone in the home with only a few faithful servants, Colonel B—— having died the year before. Then for several years the war waged with all its terrors, and even though Columbia was in the Confederate lines, it was only on occasions that Colonel B——'s widow saw her sons or her daughter her husband.

After the battle of Franklin, the bloodiest in the world's history for the number of men engaged had been lost, the broken Confederate Army in its retreat passed through the grounds of the homestead where Deering's wife and her aged mother with a few servants alone remained. In the parlor lay the dead bodies of Generals Cleburne, Stahl and Stansberry, with a Federal colonel whose name I do not now remember. He had been taken prisoner, and dying afterwards, his body was left by the retreating army to be cared for in this Southern home. With those who had died with him, lovingly his body was placed by the side of his enemy and his foe. Each had died for his country. It had been done by two women—two women of the Confederacy.

That night Deering's wife gave premature birth to a child, and the next day the Federal army in pursuit of the fast flying enemy, following its line of retreat, in passing this old home, its commanding officers ascertained there was a young mother in the house dangerously ill from childbirth and not expected to live.

Now, it is an historical fact known not only in Tennessee, but elsewhere, that through the

consideration, the gentility, the high standard of an enemy, these officers in command of the Federal Army, upon learning the condition of this young mother, ordered that a detour of the place be made, and that the army should not pass through it, placed a regiment of troops around and about the house and thereby safeguarded the mother of a Southern child, the wife of an enemy, the offspring of a hated foe. Think of it! It's a fact, and can be verified to-day by those who know and witnessed it. One woman turning aside an army of thirty thousand men.

Hearts in their warefares—hearts of a foe—hearts in men that even in the heat of passion, in the passing of life, in the cry and struggle of battle, in the call of death, that are touched at the thought and in the presence of maternity. Is it a Divine impulse? Can you explain it? Not only the generals in command, but many others knew the reason for this turning of an army, and each lent approval, for each had, or had had a mother, and those mothers' hearts were beating somewhere on earth or in heaven for their sons.

War is bad everywhere; war is cruel any-

where; but in the war of the Rebellion brute instincts did not entirely dominate the man, and Hell was not given free reign to crime and loosened to its passions. In matters of battles, the fighting and killing spirit ever prevails—battles are not questions of magnitude—small forces fight just as hard as do large ones—the desire to kill, to destroy is always there, but among some peoples, the inconsideration of women does not develop the beast that lives in the breast of inhumanity.

The writer recalls on one occasion overhearing a conversation between a Confederate veteran who had served in the Army of Tennessee and a young soldier who had just returned from the trenches in France—the latter was rather disposed to underestimate the magnitude and the fighting spirit displayed in the battles of the Rebellion when the veteran in some heat replied—"My boy, lead pencils wouldn't have rubbers, if we didn't make mistakes, so use your eraser and rub this impression off your brain.

In the battle of Franklin in one day's fight between fifteen and twenty thousand men were killed and wounded and there were more dead

men than wounded ones. We hardly knew what artillery was and did not commence to kill twenty miles away as the big guns do today—what artillery we had was made for solid shot, grape, chain and canister and when shells were used, it was generally with fuses and about one in ten exploded—so we had to fight close together; we charged in masses, and the bayonet was our chief weapon of offense. Cold steel had no terrors to any of us on either side, we fought to kill, not to maim—pointblank one hundred to an hundred-fifty yards was the maximum distance for the Springfield rifle—it didn't shoot a small jacketed steel bullet that when it hits, often wounds without your knowing it, but a Minnie ball, a chunk of lead almost as large as a canister shot, and when you were struck in the body, generally you didn't know it, for your soul went visiting to another country.

There were few trenches; we hardly knew what such things were, we fought mostly in the open, a wood if it offered itself, or behind stone and rail fences. If you were wounded there were no ambulances to move you, no litter carriers to bear you, no angels of the Red Cross to nurse you, few doctors to care for you, and as

has been said in the Civil War, as in the war of today, all battles are not pictures solely but realities of Hell."

It was my fortune shortly after the Civil War was over to know this beautiful young wife of my story, this woman of the South. History oft repeats itself, but as it does so, in its leaves it depicts among women no braver character.

In 1867, while on a visit to her old, revered and beloved mother, bent from the weight of years and aged from the sorrows of war, word came one day that Deering, her husband, had been wounded by an overseer on his plantation in Arkansas and that she must come at once.

This woman of the Gods, in a book written by herself, "Memoirs of a Southern Woman," in chaste and chosen language thus describes that return trip to her dying husband.

"At last I drew near my destination, on the same boat on which eight years before as a blushing bride I had made my bridal trip to my loved one's plantation. Each packet we passed down the Arkansas River, the Captain of our boat through his speaking trumpet would

call to and ask how Colonel Deering was. Finally the last word came over the rushing waters, "He is dead."

God steels our hearts to sorrow, Time to some degree heals the open wound and Nature in the exercise of its laws in pity sometimes seems to wait, to hesitate, in its effort to stay an impending blow. But the Law is inexorable. There is no remedy against what seems predestined. So still your heart and realize that God knows best: there is no separation in Death and Love is Love for all time, now and forever more.

I remember on one occasion at my own home being honored by this remarkable woman whose beauty, character and fame in the Southland will never die, where at an evening's gathering, another Southern mother and belle had been invited to meet her.

Imagine the charm, the delight in seeing two such women together. Each so full of life's experiences, each still beautiful, so chaste in their language, so refined, so polished.

Full of the history of the South, anxious to gratify, desirous to entertain, to do something, to add to the pleasure of the evening. I recall a story told, which I give as best I can in the

words of one of these grand dames. "I was a Kentucky girl, and my husband was a planter from Mississippi—our home was near Natchez—and the plantation ranged for miles along the banks of the Mississippi River. It was an odd change for a young woman, who had spent most her life in large cities to be moved to the country, where there were but few neighbors and they far apart. Still I had my husband and I loved him, but at times, I presume it is the nature of us women, I longed for the lights, the crowds of the city, the gatherings of men and fair women, the music of the ball, the dance, the powdered hair, the rustle of silk and the odor of violets. I would grow tired of watching the negroes, the interminable fields of cotton with its beautiful flower, one day white, the next day pink, so my husband would often take me to New Orleans where he had business with his commission merchants. In those days great boats plied their way up and down the river between St. Louis and New Orleans. They were more palaces than boats and it was a custom for the planters along the route to take their wives and daughters with them as a diversion from the monotony of country life on the banks of the Mississippi.

The captains of these palaces were always gentlemen, and it was an honored post to be pilot on one of them, with their precious and beautiful cargoes. These boats were like floating clubs for the gentlemen, and many games of poker raged between them into the "wee small hours" of the morning after the dance was over and the ladies had retired. Gamblers from all over the country frequented them and often preyed upon the Southern planter in such games where his sense of hospitality and courtesy overcame his caution and better judgment. In this way these unprincipled men often were enabled to play in games of cards where each and every one was supposed to be a gentleman. When they were found to be otherwise, their punishment was rather summary. I recall my brother one night seizing a comparative stranger, caught cheating in the game, by the collar of his coat and throwing him bodily into the river. No notice was given of it to any of the officials, had there been, the boat would never have stopped; had he drowned, it would have been as a rat and thanks expressed for such riddance.

On one of these trips to New Orleans, on a dark and bat like night, I was startled from my

sleep by the call of fire. Before I could dress myself my husband was at my cabin's door. How well I recall his words. He was a strong, powerful man, I do not believe there ever lived a braver one. In himself he had the most wonderful confidence, and seeing it in him I often thought it helped establish it in me. "Don't be afraid, wife," he said, "we are together."

In a few moments the boat was all aflame, terror, excitement and distress reigned, men hardly dressed, women partially disrobed, mothers with their little children. Officers calling for every one to go to the upper decks—the attempting lowering of the boats, the calling of the pilot, still at his wheel, with the flames around him, giving out encouragement that we would soon reach the banks. In later days how often have I been reminded of that pilot, as in reading Bret Harte's Jem Bledsoe, "who died for men," "I'll hold her nozzel again the bank until the last galoot's ashore." I think he must have been the subject of that immortal poem for he lost his life in his endeavor to save our boat.

When my husband had almost carried me to the upper deck, already crowded with the screaming and affrighted passengers, without

hesitation he broke off the door of a cabin, pulled his coat from off him, tore his suspenders from his body and with them tied two of our arms together—with his teeth and disengaged hand. As he did so not a word was spoken between us, I knew what it meant, “not even Death shall separate us,” but he did not say it. He wanted courage, faith and hope to remain within my breast. I cannot describe at this time my sensations, I only know I believed in him, I trusted him, and like a docile child I obeyed him. I was not terrorized as were the others and when with his unfettered hand still holding the cabin door, he said, “jump with me,” together we plunged into the deep, the dark, the widely flowing river. It seemed that we would never come to the surface, when we did, all he said, was, “Courage wife, courage, you come from a line of women who have no fear.”

I held to the cabin door, while he swam as best he could. Soon the river was filled with people, and as we drew farther from them I could still hear their sad cries for help. By the light of the burning boat we could see the distant banks of the river. It seemed that we would never reach them, but by my side was the

man, the real man, whose name I bore, who was the father of my children, I trusted him, and therefore I did not fear."

For a little while after this story no one spoke, and then this wonderful woman from the State of the writer's birth, Tennessee, rose from her chair, went to an open piano and from memory, with no notes, played selections from Wagner, Mozart, Litz and others of the old Music Masters.

Both these women had long passed Life's allotted limit, and yet were the youngest in the gathered company. It is of such women the men of the South were born. Such women who brought sons, Americans, into the world to shield, honor and protect not only them but their country. Such women whose grandsons are now fighting in "No Man's Land" and daily sailing over oceans, beneath whose surface glide steel and hidden monsters made ready to destroy and engulf them.

To the descendants of these women there is no terror. Neither bayonet nor steel can stop them. Death has no sting. No earth made Hell affrights them, for they go to fight, to die if needs be, for the great cause of Democracy, for the distressed Peoples of the World. The sun

glitters upon their steel and jacketed helmets, the red cross decorates their banners, the music of the fife and drum stirs their souls as with steadfast purpose they give themselves to uphold and battle for the Liberty of Mankind.

God bless them, true Americans that they are, and doubly bless their American grandmothers that have left them this charge to fulfill, this duty to perform. Such young men are the souls of our great Republic, and the hearts of their mothers beat in common unison as they make the offering of their sons to their brothers across the sea, to America, the "Home of the brave and the Land of the free."

In conclusion, I wish to say that this Southern Belle of my story still lives. She has now reached her eighty-seventh year, not of age, but of youth.

Time has no years for her, and Life is a dawn of mornings, days of Sunlight run through setting suns, and hours are filled, not with "Loves labors lost," but good deeds done.

The touch of Paradise dwells in her heart and through her eyes shines the light of her pure and hallowed soul.

The End

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